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Co.

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or every subsequent insertion.

N.B.—Advertisers will please bear in mind that no arrang

HENRY CLAPP, Jr. No 9 SPRUCE STREET, N T.

For The New York Saturday Press RAIN.

Rain-rain! the maples tossed their limbs

Wearily in the air, And the flowers humbly bowed their heads

The hills looked up to the mocking sky With stern reproachful brows. And the farmers' eyes were full of dust As they followed their grating plows.

A maiden, going to town with eggs. Sat down in the shady lane. Languidly wiped her glowing face And sighed : Will it never rain "

The trees stand still in grateful joy The flowers, in sweet surprise, Look up to the darkly gushing clouds With glad, wide-open eye

The farmers half in doubt, Hurry their slow-paced oxen home With many a rallying shout.

The maiden, returning from market, trips Gleefully down the lane :

And laughs, as the wet from her bonnet drips Dear me! what a glorious rain!

ENILY HEWITT PUGBER

[For The New York Saturday Press]

FARR, GRAYDON & CO.

In the year 183 the house of Farr, Graydon & Co. were bankers of the highest repute. Wall street bow-ed to their signature, and the scratch of their pen comnanded a shower of gold all over the Union wherever

one January day, John Graydon aat in his office; not the dull, gray, dirty receptacle of mouldy papers, generally associated with the idea of a business-office, but a splendidly furnished room in the rear of the greater of his financial connections, or his more intipersonal friends

ere sat John Graydon leaning heavily on a table, his head resting on his hand. Graydon was a young handsome man : his black hair hung over a small white hand, and his eye, though this moment

The firm of Farr, Graydon & Co., was originally estabed by the father of John Graydon, who three years before this time had retired, leaving the principal charge of this establishment in the hands of his son, who had een brought up in it, and had the entire confidence of

time; only three days of grace, and I am 'a ruined The world will know that I am a gambler, a and take the won man. The world will know that I am a gambler, a fool, and a thief, the robber of those who have entrusted their all in my hands. It is pleasant to contemplate that in three days, next Thursday, this room will be filled with frightened people poring over those very books, and cursing me from their souls. To think there is no help! I have kept this phantom away as long as I had power to resist, but now it is too glance told him so. 25 late. O! if I had but a chance to recall all these mis. "Are you a man," said Graydon, "a man or takes! There is no hope! In three days it will be fiend. No! air, I will not give you this money. known that John Graydon is a defaulter for half a will not bargain with you." O! if I had but a chance to recall all these mismillion, and one portion of the world will be horrified

pointed at without some compensation. If I am to have fingers pointed at me, and curses upon my head making herself ready to accompany you. But if you for half a million, it shall be for more." He clenched his hands as he spoke, resumed his seat, and the examination of his books. It was a cold night, very stoop. I told them I should possibly want their assist-cold, the snow lay deep, and was still falling. New anoe; they will awakt your pleasure." And bowing to should not be marked forever."

York becomes insane in a snow-storm, and this was not both, Williston withdrew. cold, the snow lay deep, and was still falling. New ance; they will await your piecuire. And bowing to York becomes insane in a snow-storm, and this was no, both, Williston withdrew.

exception Broadway resounded with a thousand voices singing and shouting, from the great omnibus-sleigh containing its hundred, to the little crotchety "Emilla, what have you to say, what shall I do"

A stylish pair of blacks came down, wheeled at Union

A stylish pair of blacks came down, wheeled at Union

The town was merry and mad.

She cast a fearful look at the door, and the do figure muffied in fur threw the reins to a servant and the world in poverty with nothing."

alighted under a gas-lamp. He looked at his watch. "I have jewels," answered Emilia. "he surely cand under a gas-lamp. He looked at his watch, alighted under a gas-lamp. He looked at his watch.

"Robert, it is now nine o'clock. You will remain here two hours. If I do not return at the end of that time, drive home, and say I shall not be back until late to-morrow." The servant bowed, and drew the with me to another land, and bear with me its burhurried away. In a few minutes he stopped in front hurried away. In a few minutes he stopped in front of a handsome house and rang. The door was opened. No other word was spoken. At the expired time by a smiling servant, who took from his hands his coat and hat. He was evidently no stranger, as without announcement he advanced to and opened the parlor. "I accept," was Graydon's reply.

I have a year s turiough.

"Well, Colonel—let me see, Riel, I think you said—to colonel Reil, let us be friends and confidents. Your amoney, Colonel, did me no service. Ah! how much the said.

"I accept," was Graydon's reply.

" By loving me.

am a ruined, a diagraced man. To-morrow it will be known to all that John Oraydon has embessied the money that has been entrusted to his hands; to-morrow his name will be a bye-word and a reproach in the mouths of honest men. This night, this very night, I must fly from my home and my native city, never to

Graydon had seized her hand as he spoke, and an in-tensity of gaze seemed to say to her--" You must go or

should overtake us

Emilia, I am a boy? Do-you think I have no more at stake than this. He cannot overtake us. I have been dark figure passed under the gas-light and raised his preparing this flight for months. Emilia, you have declared you loved me, that you would surrender all for me; prove it now. Your husband is a cruel, tyrannical master; he is no husband, he is no companion. You feat him, you do not lave him. fear him, you do not love him. You know how I have when I have met him, my desire to quarrel. You know he has only tolerated me for the sake of the unknown lady into the aleigh at about eleven o'clock money he has obtained in play. Fool that he was, not to see that I allowed him to win. I loved you, Emilia, and I believed that this money would be lavished on his orders, and driven home.

The woman looked in the face of Gravdon. An exon half of shame, and half of love, played over her features. She drew her hand from his, and openplayed to Graydon heaps of gold and bills.

rou, Graydon, that I love you. Take it, take it all, I

him only what he knows not how to use. I would take you, Emilia, you must be mine." As he spoke, yards is my carriage; in a few hours we will be in safety beyond pursuit. See, Emilia, I am rich, I would not fall in poverty. No! no!" And Graydon drew from his pocket a long wallet. Here is wealth, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. You see I am still rich. Come, Emilia." And he pressed the yield-

Stop!" said a calm, unimpassioned voice, "stop. Mr. Graydon! Sit down, Madam; do not be alarmed. 1 am, I admit, a cruel, tyrannical master. I think those were the words, Mr. Gravdon, eh? I see I must bring my tyranny into use. So, sir, you would not rob of my money, but would take from me my wife. You honest man, Mr. Graydon, a conscientious man I am not honest, cannot be honest, never was hon Mr. Graydon, therefore shall not now display it. I will trouble you, Mr. Graydon, for the money you have In that wallet, and then, my dear friend, you can take

the wife as soon as you please."
"You scoundre!!" hissed Graydon, advancing to wards him, and drawing from his pocket a long-bladed

'One moment, Mr. Graydon," said the hust " Pardon me, do not let us have any little unplease is a mere matter of business. You are a business man so am I ; we can settle all this in a business way

"Stand away, sir!" shouted Graydon, "and let me pass, or in one moment you are a dead man.

"Mr. Graydon," said Williston, "if you door you are in the hands of the police."

Graydon staggered back as though he had re heave blow, dropping his knife on the floor. Williston ed forward, picked it up, and laid it on the piane 'Now," said he, "we can talk over this little me

ter, you see. Do not fear, I have laid your knife where it will be convenient, where you can get it." And he smiled most courteously at Graydon. "I had unexpectedly returned, and from the next room overheard all this conversation. It is easily settled. You love my wife, I love your money : give me your money

And John Graydon rose from his chair and walked the sistent with my desires. I have no time to trifle, nor room with hasty steps.

Not a word was spoken for a minute, each looked

late to morrow." The servant bowed, and drew the sleigh-robes about him carefully while the gentleman dens?" "I will go!" she answered

the same, and an olive-tint, declared her of the South of Europe.

The Graydon, "she said, taking his hand and locking in his face, "I am so glad to see you. I feared you would not come. What is the master, you look so pale? What has distressed you? Speak, we are solone?"

The type come to you. Emilia, for the last time; "I have come to you. Emilia, for the last time? You can take this nine share? I would make you would not be professed to love me, and last time? You that have professed to love me, and the time? You that have professed to love me, and the time? What do you procketbooks, and I will have the form the professed to enforce. Not only in their the professed to enforce. Not only in their the professed

piece of gold into the hands of each of the officers and the law. You perceive," continued he, pointing to a

There is poison in the very air. I do not wish to see the face of that man again, or there will be murder done, whatever be the result."

oraydon at Co., Bankers; caused by the deflactable of John Graydon. No trace could have be had of the fugitive save the evidence given by Robarrel.

Tich and honored banker, the upright business rich and honored banker, the upright business arrel. ert, the coachman, who had received his master and an path, might he now have reached, and he thought

We will change the time and the scene. It is ten years later, and a well known gambling establishment, not many huntred miles from Canal street and Broad-

ayed to Graydon heaps of gold and bills.

"See." she said, "this is his money, here he keeps I have access, but I dare not touch. I will show a Graydon, that I love you. Take it, take it all, I sees it increase. Another enters, a younger man than the first; a very heavy, dark beard and monstache, cover his face. He wears glasses, and a look the shows him to be a stranger; one who has dwelt sufficiently long under a Southern sun to have become well embrowned. He lays a roll of gold upon the table and loses; he repeats with the same ill-success. Without looking at or addressing any one directly, he lays down the third roll, and speaking as though to himse "This is my last; when that is lost, so am I."

The first player started at the voice, and leaning ov raised his eves for a moment, instantly cast them do seized the roll of gold, and again droppi tently in the face of his opposite, and said, "If you mean sir, to address me by that name, you are mistaken; the

As he spoke his gold was rolled away and he w again a loser. He turned from the table. The other advanced. "I think I heard you say, sir, that yet were without money. Will you allow me to be your banker, to offer you a loan?"

'No sir, I never borrow, more especially from the

"Let me introduce myself, then," said he dree a

"And mine is Riel, Colonel in the Brazilian service.

"John Graydon, do rou believe that it could be should not know you again as long as you are above ground? No! You may walk the street unknown to you, Graydon, aye! know you by instinct.

"And what do you want with me," said Graydon Can you not see that I hate you? Can you not see eptile, that I spit upon you?"
"There is no occasion, Graydon, there n

nity between us; we are equals. In what have you the advantage of me? We are both honest, are not? Was it not a mere matter of business? I sold you what I no longer wanted; you bought, and paid a good price, I suppose. Had it been left to your will, you would not have paid so dear. I am an older ma than you, Graydon, and I do not trust the pocket in love affairs. Ha! ha! No, love and money will

to where Graydon stood, he stretched out his hand.
"Come," he said, "let us be friends. I think, Gray-

Again it was a January night; again was the snow falling thick and fast, and Broadway ringing with a thousand shouts. Williston and Graydon issued upon And one draylow the sound of the street from the gambling house, Williston's arm to my offer, Madam will not keep you ten minutes in the street from the gambling house, Williston's arm to my offer, Madam will not keep you ten minutes in the street from the gambling house, Williston's arm through that of the other. "A strange coincide the street from the gambling house, Williston's arm through that of the other. "A strange coincide the street from the gambling house, williston's arm through that of the other. "A strange coincide the street from the gambling house, williston's arm through that of the other. "A strange coincide the street from the gambling house, williston's arm through that of the other."

"Ah! ha! All you valued on earth! O! no, not

all, did you not take Emilia with you?" Silence, sir; do not pollute her name by allowing She cast a fearful look at the door, and in a sobbing it to pass your lips. Though she was your wife, though whisper answered, "Accept." she left you, and was criminal, she was as far above

> "Well! well! don't let us quarrel over this, you shall have it entirely your own way. And so she died

"I entered the service of Brazil, I am now a Colonel; I have a year's furlough."

the was evidently no stranger, as without an entry of the said.

"I accept," was Graydon's reply.

"I scopet," was Graydon's reply.

"Spoken sensibly. Madam will go to her room: to tap with his finger. A mug and very beautiful, advanced to meet him, not an American. Hair of jet, black eyes of and an olive-tint, declared her of the South of you. I shall leave the house in the meantime, simply to avoid future remark. In fifteen minutes I.

Graydon, the said taking his hand and shoot the south of the said taking his hand and shoot the gold in his pockets. "Walt, wait, some of these hand and shoot the said taking his hand the said taking his hand and shoot the said taking his hand the said taking his hand and shoot the said taking his said takin

piece of gold into the hands of each of the officers and dismissing them.

As the street door closed, Emilia burst into tears. Graydon flew to her. "Why do you weep?" he said. "Is it at the loss of this wretch, Emilia? Do you regret him? it is not yet too late." He will again receive thim? it is not yet too late." He will again receive thim? "No, no?" sobbed Emilia, "no love; shame, shame, before you, Graydon, that I could have lived with, and borne so mean, so base a wretch. No! no! "Glossel, as it is, you must know that Bolter gets only alto return, but if Bolter once found my feet on for gets to return, but if Bolter once found my feet on for an occasional twenty, which Bolter borrows and fordo not love him, I hate."

"Come, Emilia, let us leave this horrible place.
There is poison in the very air. I do not wish to see
the face of that man again, or there will be murder
done, whatever be the result."

In a short space from this, Graydon handed Emilia
into his sleigh, which still stood upon the spot where
the the sleigh, which still stood upon the spot where
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of the route he had pursued—a fugitive from the city that gave him birth, lost to kindred and society, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, without an affection, without a tie, seeking in the excitement of the gambling-table the balm for a mind diseased. O! for the wayward! O! that the youth in making his first alse step could have all his dark future spread before tim in a vision, that he could see 'how much better t paid to be honest.' Better in money, better in peace

f mind, better here and hereafter.

"And now, Colonel," resumed Williston. "you

rant money?'
Graydon was silent.
"Very well, silence gives consent. I can put you "Very well, silence gives consent. I can put you in a way of getting it. Listen, we are both honest men. I wish to stay in New York. You do not. You understand these Wall-street affairs better than I. No difference, no difference, my dear sir. Wall-street is Wall-street,—the buildings, the men, may change, but the nature is there still—Wall-street will be the same in constitutions have been stilled. in constitution a hundred years hence as now. I can not afford to leave New York, but, my dear Colo ave a little business which we can transact together, we can each pocket about fifty thousand dollars by the operation; then you have only to return to the Bra silian service, leaving New York at your conven 'Go on," said Graydon.

"Go on," said Universely Williston. "I have in my Yery well," resumed Williston. "I have in my pocket one hundred thousand dollars of Chilian Government Bonds, so well done that they cannot be detected. You understand me. Cannot be detected. it will be known that they are not genuine. I believe

It will be anown that they are the part of You boast, scoundrel, that you have escaped the of the law so far; you shall escape no longer shall show that your vaunted skill will allow that the state of the

creep through this."
"You dare not, Graydon," gasped Williston.
"dare not. You are yourself still open to punishm

You dare not sacrifice yourself to punish me."
"I dare not! I will show you, wretch, that I dare, and Graydon shouted " help. "Silence," hissed Willist

The street was dark, it was late. A single gas-light flickered through the snow Graydon saw a knife gleaming in the light-just

ough light to recognize the knife that ten years ore he had drawn upon Williston in his own house He made one spring and seized the arm that held it There was a struggle, a smothered cry, and a fall.

following paragraph:

Myermous Pharm.—Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, as poleoman Nuffly was partedling his beat upon Elm street he thought to me with lags of a man protruding from the anow. Upon examination of the Company of

dred thousand dollars of counterfeit Chilian bonds Europe in its original sources, they would have learned sold them by a person calling himself Colonel Riel of that the liberality of every sect depends, not at all on Thoughts, etc., etc. The work will, in fact, be a supthe Brazilian service, but who upon after enquiry was its avowed tenets, but on the circumstances in which it not to be found upon the army list of that nati

God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight After Cromwell's elevation, his praise of the republican protector was equally fulsome. Upon the capture by his navy of some richly-laden Spanish galleons he

In an elegy on his death he says :

Nature herself took notice of his death, And, sighing, swell'd the see with such a breath, That to remotest shores her billows roll'd The approaching fate of their great ruler told. Only a few weeks after this, the fickle bard a a poem to Charles the Second, entitled 'To the King, apon His Majesty's happy return,' in which he thus rejoices at the downfall of the Government established

Paith, law, and piety (that banushed train !), Justice and truth, with you return again : The city's trade and country's easy life : Once more shall fourish, without fraud or strile

I have as neat a hat of pliant barley
As ever graced the head of country lass:
Twas braided by the skilful hand of Charley.
And trimmed with a soft roll of prairie-grace

They made me queen, once, at a May-day riot. With flowers they would have twined my gide But he must crown me with that hat, and tie it,

have a string to which are tied the rattles

Then hold the buzzing string so tense and tight that one and all would sing and murmur sweetly And die away in whispers soft and light I have the shell of a gay spotted tortoise That long had rambled in the mill-pond free. And it was Charley, whose the thrilling sport was

mind how once aunt Kenzy talked of using

My spotted treasure as a dish for soap But soon she found out who she was abus She might have rather touched my soul's last hophave a necklace, red as Lincoln cherries.

And hard as any coral in the sea : Twas Charley made it of green whortleberries He dried and stained it gorgeously for me

have the last year's nests of many robins.

He had a princely soul within his breast !

I have—I cannot see, my eyes are wet ; cannot speak, my heart is choked with sobbing 'Tis strange how tenderly I love him yet! Dark-eyed, high-minded lover of my childhood!

But years have passed since in his own loved wildw They laid the boyish form to its long rest. It was a sad day 'mong those simple neighbors When one so glad and young was called away:

For miles around they ceased their harvest labor And every face looked sorrowful that day. They made his grave one radiant Summer evening viewed him long, with much of inward grieving

dared not kiss him 'neath the churchyard beeches Although 'twas my last look at one so dear But now, though years have passed, my choicest riche Are the rude keepsakes I have shown you here

Kendallville, Ind., Aug. 9, 1860.

EXTRACTS FROM BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIV

Speaking of the religious troubles in France during the spearing of the religious troubles in France during the seventeenth century, he says, "The result was, that when, in 1621, the Protestants began their civil wars against the Government, it was found that of all their great leaders, two only, Rohan and his brother Soubias, were prepared to risk their lives in support of their

Thus it was that the first great consequence of the tolerating policy of the French Government, was to deprive the Protestants of the support of their former ent, was to leaders, and in several instances, even to turn their gradually falling from its hands, it is, even in the sympathies on the side of the Catholic Church. But most civilized countries, still allowed to retain." the other consequence, to which I have alluded, was ne of far greater moment. The growing indifferent of the higher classes of Protestants threw the management of their party into the hands of the clergy The post which was described by the secular leaders, was naturally seized by the spiritual leaders. And as, in every sect, the clergy, as a body, have always been remarkable for their intolerance of opinions different to their own, it followed that this change infused into the now mutilated ranks of the Protestants, an acrimony not inferior to that of the worst times of the sixteenth century. Hence it was, that by a singular, but perfectly natural combination, the Protestants, who to be the historiographer of fashion, and her literar professed to take their stand on the right of private tastes led her to correspond with the intellectual celeb judgment, became, early in the seventeenth century, re intolerant than the Catholics, who based their religion on the dictates of an infallible Church.

"This is one of the many instances, which show how superficial is the opinion of those speculative writers, who believe that the Protestant religion is necessarily re liberal than the Catholic. If those who adopt is placed, and on the amount of authority possessed by its priesthood. The Protestant religion is, for the most The most consistent of poets was Edmund Waller.

Before the great revolution which resulted in the death of Charles the First, he repeatedly addressed adulatory poems to that monarch and his consort. In one place he says of the King, ist divines, and, above all, whoever has studied their history, must know, that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the desire of persecuting their opponents burnt as botly among them, as it did among Papal dominion. This is a mere matter of fact, of original documents of those times. And even now, ere is more superstition, more bigotry, and less of the arity of real religion among the lower order of Scotch Protestants, than there is among the lower order of French Catholics. Yet for one intolerant passage in Protestant theology, it would be easy to point twenty in Catholic theology. The truth, however, mas, and text-books, and rubrics, but by the opinions and habits of their contemporary spirit of their age, and by the character of those class religious practice, of which theologians complain as Angler, 'Vathek, a stumbling-block and an evil.'

esy. Whenever, therefore, they rise to power, it alm w nearver, therefore, they rise to power, it almost invariably happens, that they carry into politics the habits they have contracted in their profession; and having been long accustomed to consider religious error as criminal, they now naturally attempt to make it penal. And as all European countries have, in the pe-riod of their ignorance, been once ruled by the elergy, just so do we find in the law-books of every land those traces of their power which the knowledge is gradually effacing. We find the professors of the dominant creed enacting laws against the professors of other creeds; laws sometimes to burn them civil rights, sometimes only to take away their po rights. These are the different gradations through which persecution passes; and by observing which, we may measure in any country, the energy of the ec-clesiastical spirit. At the same time, the theory by which such measures are supported, generally give-rise to other measures of a somewhat different, though analogous character. For, by extending the authority tion becomes dangerously enlarged, the individuality and independence of each man are invaded, and encourvexatious regulations, which are supposed to perform for morals the service that the other class of laws perform for religion. Under the pretence of favoring the practice of virtue, and maintaining the purity of society, men are troubled in their most ordinary pursuits, in est occurrences of life, in their a nay, even in the very dresses they may be inclined to wear. That this is what has actually been done, must be known to whoever has looked into the writings of the fathers, into the canons of Christian councils, intthe different systems of ecclesiastical law, or into the sermons of the earlier clergy. Indeed, all this is so natural, that regulations, conceived in the same spirit Calvinist clergy, and for the government of England by Archbishop Cranmer and his coadjutors; while a tendency, precisely identical, may be observed in the legislation of the Puritans, and, to give a still later in-stance, in that of the Methodists.

ecclesiastical legislation, will perhaps be surprised to find, that men of gravity, men who had reached the years of discretion, and were assembled together in emn council, should evince such a prying and pu rile spirit, and that they should display such miserable and childish imbecility. But whoever will take wider survey of human affairs, will be inclined to blame, not so much the legislators, as the system of men themselves, they merely acted after their kind bred. By virtue of their profession, they had been ed to hold certain views, and when views into effect; thus transplanting into the law pulpit. Whenever, therefore, we read of meddling inquisitive, and veratious regulations imposed by ecclesiastical authority, we should remember, that they are but the legitlmate result of the ecclesiastical spirit: and that the way to remedy such grievances, or to change the tendencies of that class from whence the proper limits, by jealously guarding against its earlies encroachments, by taking every opportunity of lessen-ing its influence, and finally, when the progress of society will justify so great a step, by depriving it of

Mr. Bentley is preparing for publication a work full of interesting gossip about the fashionable and literary society of England during the eighteenth century. It is the autobiography of Mrs. Delany, a name familiar to the readers of the Diary of Madame D'Arb lay, like whom she was attached to the person of Queen Charlotte. Born in 1700, a daughter of Bernard Gran seconder norm Dr. Patrick Delany, the well known writer birth, connections, and court-employment qualified be rities of more than one generation, for she died at the advanced age of eighty-eight. Her letters were much admired in her lifetime, and those to Mrs. Frances Hamilton, published in 1821, are full of interesting Bentley is about to publish will include her correspon plement from a lively female pen to the Walpole Cor edited by Lady Llanover.

- The London Time has sent a correspondent over to Canada, to follow and report the Prince. This is telligent gentleman has been journeying through this country on the way to his field of action. His letters descriptive of the geographical formation of on country, and the manners and customs of the inhal itants, their history, progress, etc., are more or less the writings of that large class called travellers, and the singular felicity of research they display in gather ing misinformation. If the labors of such intelligent persons, seconded by the writings of the race of Trollopes, Nortons, Stowes, Bremers, Primes, Benedicts, and others, shall eventually succeed in convinc ports, then the public will stand a chance of learning something about their fellow-creatures who go t make up the population of the earth.

- Two well-known literary gentlemen of this city and text-books, and rubrics, but by the opinions are said to be engaged upon a work on 'Representa-habits of their contemporaries, by the general tive Books. The plan includes complete accounts of who are in the ascendant. This seems to be the nently popular works as the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Robinson Joe Miller, "Pilgrim's Progress," Vathek, Vicar of Wakefield," Book, etc. The book will be rich in anecdote and

The Saturdan Press Book-List.

For the week ending September 1, 1860.

Or charge no reader and no cratic can ever get to the battom of the full of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SKIERDAY FIRES, they must visually by merely mentoring them in affective great. The title of a new book, printer is coming type, it is very viduable notice.—HARPER's

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Forty Years, Englishmen in Sanday Schools - By Stephen H. Tyng,

D. Bester of st Georges of thereis, New York - 16ano, 60 cents

New York - Shellion & Or.

Forty in the State of the Gratine on Prayer, wherean is

hand at the Nature, the Drity the Qualifications of Prayer ejec
actions, public private, and secret, together with sunfay cases

of Consecuce Briefs it. By Thomas Cobbet, Minister of the
Word at Lynn. Reproduced from the edition of RC - 81. Bes
ton congregated at Board.

HISTORICAL.

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HOME, GREAT HOME!

Respectfully dedicated to all admirers of that mighty Through humbugs and fallacies though we may roam. Be they never so arful, there's no case like Home.
With a lift from the spirits he 'll rise in the air
(Though, as lights are put out first, we can't see him there).

Home, Home, great Home!

Of itself his Accordeon to play will begin
(If you won't look too hard at the works hid within);
Spirit-hands, at his bidding, will come, touch, and go
(But you mustn't peep under the table, you know).

Home, Home, great Home
There's no case like Home!

Spring-blinds will fly up or run down at his word (If a wire has been previously fixed to the cord). He can make tables dance and bid chairs stand on (But, of course, it must be in the house of a friend Home, Home, great Home! There's no case like Home!

The spirits to him (howe'er others may hap), Have proved themselves worth something me

rap;
And a new age of miracles people may mark
(If they 'll only consent to be kept in the dark)
Home, Home, great Home—
There's no case like Home!

ENGLISH LITERARY WEEKLIES Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Baus-rano. No. 636 Broadway, has made arrangements for supplying his customers with the Saturday Review, the Advanceum, the Crinc, and all the other London weeklies for which there is a regular demand.

* Such it appears, is the true orthography of this gentles name, whose Sying exploits so far easie those of Poter Wilti See ' Paris Stranger than Firties' (Ireald) Magazine for Angu-

The N. Y. Saturday Bress.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

THE WORLD

ò, the World! Or, as Sydney Dobell would say,

O, the World, the World, the World

And by the World, we mean not this round Glol which turns on its axle-tree or whatever every twenty-four hours with an aplomb and frequency which would astonish even the Hanlon Brothers, but nothing more

nor less than the World-newspaper.
Perhaps, then, it would have been better said at the start, O, the World-newspaper!

O, the World-newspaper!
And lest we should be misunderstood, we repeat:
O, the World-newspaper!
And, moreover, lest our readers should be more

the dark than ever, we beg to explain that the Worldnewspaper is a dreary sheet, price one penny, issued
every day except the Lord's day (all the other days it
looks upon, we presume, as the Devil's days), from its
own 'office.' No. 35 'Park Row, New York, and published, so far as appears, by Nobody-in-Particular,
who also, it would seem, has charge of its editorial department, and conducts its business generally.

That is, so far as it has any business to conduct.
And whether it has any or not, is Nobody-in-Partic-

Certainly not ours

All that we are concerned about is the World's morals, for the World, be it known, is moral or nothing -- mostly nothing, to be sure, but now and ther

We propose in this article to make its moral dode (for the charitable presumption is, that its morality is only a dodge) the subject of a few off-hand comments It was a striking exhibition of this dodge which made us exclaim, in language which would do credit to either Dobell or Everett,

Not to keep the reader in continued suspense, we beg to announce that the World has come out strong against the gamblers.

It has had its shy at the play-actors, and the drain sellers, and the street-walkers, and the Sabbath-break ers, and now its virtue has culminated in a crusad

Not the gamblers in stocks, or in merchandize, or Not the gamblers in stocks, or in merchandize, or menews, or in religion, or even in penny-papers; but the gamblers, sometimes called, by way of elegant variety, black-legs. These can be attacked not only with impunity, but with éclat.

Mayor Tiemann made quite a reputation by attack-

has on Terman laws in fact, they and the street-walkers were his chief stock-in-trade, and the way he ground them into paint, and whitened the City Hall Sepulchre with tion in putty.

morality (and make money out of it) he cannot do better at any time than come out against either the gamblers or the street-walkers. They are always fair game; whereas if he happens to come out against some sin which is practised by nearly the whole community—some system of political or commercial cheating, for example—it is almost

certain that he will get more kicks than coppers for it and at best, earn the credit of being a grumbler.

We don't know that we ought to complain of the

World, therefore, since by its little cheap commonplace against notorious social evils, it is gradually getting And yet we could wish that it had discovered some

politicians, for instance, or some of the num tricks practised by respectable tradesmen. This periodical crusade against gamblers and s walkers is such an obvious sham, is gotten up so ev dently for the purpose of gratifying a prurient curios-ity, and is so invariably fruitless of all good, that it has come at last to be not only wearisome but dis-

gusting. they are really bent on doing anything in the reform way, why not begin at home?

Take New York, for example. Does anybody sup pose that the morals of Nassau street are any better than those of Mercer street? Or that the conductors of any of the daily papers in this city are in a position to preach against any kind of gambling or prostitution? If so, there is more greenness in the community than

No, the simple truth is that a faithful history of any one day's business in either of the great newspaper establishments of New York, would reveal as much depravity of character, as much moral enormity of almost every kind, as could be found in the history of any gambling-hell or house of prostitution in the land. Hence if the World, or any other newspaper, is desirous of making a sensation in the moral way, it had better let prostitutes and blacklegs alone, for the moment, and either publish its own confessions or expose we had supposed.

No, the simple truth is that a faithful history of any

the secrets of some of its neighbors.

And now is the time to begin, since the chapter of the secrets of some of its neighbors.

And now is the time to begin, since the chapter of journalistic gambling, prostitution, and other villainy which might, in these times, be gotten up at a moment's notice, would be more startling than anything in the way of moral atrocity that has been publish

half-a-century Who will begin the work ?

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SERVANTS

The following call for a Convention of the waiters this city, to be holden to-day, we clip from the Angle African, the organ of that large and useful class of ersons, the colored population of New York :

A Convention of waiters of the city and vicinity, will in Rev. H. M. Wilson's church, Seventh avenue, near street, on the evening of Sep. 1st. As matter of muc-tance will be brought before the Convention, it is hoped attendance will be large. Rev. H. M. Wilson and of sprakers will deliver addresses.

As the comfort and well-being of socjety is my body, than upon those of any or all of the political Conventions, concerning which the newspapers are

The self-styled servants of the public are not a class whose private or public claims to respect and gratitude are considered by THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRIME to which always characterizes true merit, by the waiters of this city. And for this reason we do not anticip that our suggestions will be treated with the center with which their self-sufficiency causes politicians

And first we suggest that the waiters should resolve concerning the propriety of keeping themselves clean, or would it be amine to consider the advantage of being constantly civil and obliging. While the necessity of enough intelligence to do as they are bid must remarkable novel. Its plot, though possible, is yet extend to be the principle of th

ere, who, it just occurs to us, despite their blus- to think this story will exercise a beneficial inf

THE EBONY IDOL.

A novel entitled 'The Ebony Idol' has just been pul-shed by Messes. D. Appleton & Co., of this city. 'The Ebony Idol' means the Negro, and is thus the

It is the design of this story to ridicule the Abolition movement in the North, and especially to re-take those clergymen who introduce politics into the pulpit, and delectate their flocks with anti-slavery ser-

The evil thus amailed is delineated as follows

of the land immediately around the immense bey, and become an any of the land immediately around the immense bey, and the company have made always a perfect hobby. With a few honorable exceptions they have joined forces, pledging to sustain each other. They presume upon the ascredness of their profession, and the dondament of the church as they please.

But the church as they please.

But the clergy have carried this thing too far. Their own imprudence has react the veil asunder, and the people are reseasing for themselves. They weary of this elernal harping upon the eiger-string. There is a vest don't have a vest in the for the Pulpit to be purged from some of its abominations. To what, we ask, is this underlying the vest of the respect accorded to them as the vice representation to indicity attributable, which for the respect accorded to them as the vicegrents of God! They insult the audiences that go up them political rantings which they would not presume to tuter in the street! Most recklessly have the 'apple of discord' among their people. The work of the respect accorded to them as the vicegrents of God! They insult the audiences that go up them political rantings which they would not presume to tuter in the street! Most recklessly have the 'apple of discord' among their people. The productions and the church can no more thrive under the impulses of God! We reput the respect of the impulses of God! We reput the chard the church can not more thrive under the interest of the vest of the high places for religious instructions, by forcing and more appling forcer than the audiences that go up the major of the standard the control of the respect to the high places for religious instructions, by forcing them political rantings which they would not presume to tuter in the street! Most recklessly have the 'apple of discord' among their people. The present of the production

And what is to be the comment of the comment of the known?

Cannot the clergy be made sensible that they are placing the axe at the root of their own tree?—that they are sapping forever that beautiful trust, and confidence, and love, which the New England people have preeminently accorded to its clergy? In whom can we believe, if the pastor that we have elected with thanks giving, and sustained with our prayers, tramples upon our religions interests to gratify his personal proclivities? We have trusted; alsa, let us not be betrayed! Break to us still the Bread of Life, for which we are an hungered; awall yourselves of the sanctity with which we invest you, and which is the key to the influence you exert over the people, to hush the tempests of our passions, and so far as in you lies,

Between us two let there be peace.

wild nephew, David. Here is the conservative Squire Bryan—a sensible old fellow, learned in the law and experienced in the ways of the world. Here, essentially, is the Squire's ward, Frank Stanton, the hero of this story, and like all heroes, handsome, intelligent, refined, generous, and brave. (O, if the world were only full of heroes!) Here are Mr. and Mrs. Hobb—course people who live like higs, abuse their adopted child, and interest themselves deeply in the sufferings of the manacled slave. Here is Mary Hobbs—a delicate, spiritual little beauty, the heroine of this story (they're always angels!), worthy to grace a poet's

este, spiritual little beauty, the heroine of this story (they're always angels!), worthy to grace a poet's dream and be crowned with the immortality of a poet's passion. Here, in fact, are a great many people—all more or less interesting, and all more or less directly connected with the development of the story.

Into this community the apple of discord, in the shape of an Anti-Slavery sermon, is thrown by the Rev. Mr. Cary. Other apples follow. There is great consequent excitement. Squire Bryan retires from the sequent excitement. Squire Bryan retires from the church, and subsequently quarrels with the minister.

The village is divided in opinion. Miss Dickey is in a state of delight, and proceeds to organize the Carean African Aid Society. Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, dirty but

philanthropic persons, are especially active in the cause. Opponents arise. Strife is everywhere. Tumult reigns in Minden.

At lest be comes - a coarse, ignorant, brutal negro. Mrs. Cary, sleeps all day on the kitchen table, and dis- I met Fenimore Cooper. After mutual recognition, plays the African generally. Finding this to be somewhat monotonous, the Rev. Mr. Cary passes him over to the gushing Miss Dickey, under whose protection he lives for a time in clover; till at length he quarrels

-from whose father, by the way, the negro Cresa originally escaped, -is recalled to his Southern home rance of matrimonial schemes on th part of the elder Stanton. Mary-whose foster-parents

Conventions, concerning which the newspapers are making so much noise just now, we would beg leave to present a few suggestions to their careful consideration.

This we do in no trifling spirit.

The New York Saturday Press is too well aware of the value of waiters and the worthlessness of politicians to treat with equal levity the pretensions of both.

The self-styled servants of the public are not a class by Squire Bryan; the return of Frank Stanton, after a work of the rescue of Mary by Squire Bryan; the return of Frank Stanton, after a well-styled servants of the public are not a class.

among thoughtful readers, in so far as it is calculat-ed to curb that blind and reckless party spirit upon which to a great extent the Anti-Slavery Crusade is

| For The New York Haturday Press MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA

The calm in the bay brought me upon my legs on the upper-deck for the first time during several weeks. I was agreeably disappointed at the cultivated aspect of the land immediately around the immense bay, and the more so as it was already the month of November. We got a pilot, then several tow-boats came up, and I had the first sight of sharp bargaining, in the negotiations between the contractions of the contraction of the con

tees—I had made the acquaintance of Fenimore Cooper, who was at the head of one of them, organized by the Americans in Paris. At that time I also met frequently a young American from Philadelphia, who—having been compelled to leave his country on account of a fluence you exert over the people, to hush the tempests of our passions, and so far as in you lies.

Between us two let there be peace:

The human heart demands this influence; we turn against your breast as did the Disciple against the Saviour who loved him! Betray thou not us with a kins! See to it that at the last great day the blood of your church be not required at your hands!

To illustrate and enforce this view of the subject, the author transports us to the little New England village of Minden, where the scene of the story is laid, and where are collected most of the characters. Here is found the ropitical regress. I was not considered that his fortunes improved by a rich marriage with an American girl. a Miss L.—, when his shamment of Minden, where the scene of the story is laid, and where are collected most of the characters. Here is found the ropitical regress. Care the representation of the characters. Here is found the ropitical regress. The passion of the little in with two unmarried sisters. Americans of the country sear of gene Lagrand and costly places. where are collected most of the characters. Here is fayette (who up to his death treated me like a father) found the political parson—Cary by name—much exerin 1831, I fell in with two unmarried sisters, Ameri Tound the political parson—Cary by name—much exercised in mind at the necessity of doing something for the relief of his sable brother in bondage. 'Here also is Mrs. Cary. Here is the minister's adherent and coadjutor in the great cause—Miss Julia Dickey, an anothing and the figure maiden, devoted to poetry, lap-dogs, and the finer sensibilities of our nature. Here is Miss Dickey's wild nephew, David. Here is the conservative Squire when I reached these shores I had, with the experience of the country they was irrupted even to what section of the country they ception of Cooper, long forgotten their existence, and was ignorant even to what section of the country they

> Towards evening we came to anchor. A custo Towards evening we came to anchor. A custom-house officer gave us permission to land, provided we left our trunks behind. Being a decided protectionist, I found this very natural, although it clashed with the commonly-entertained idea of freedom, and thus wounded the feelings of some of my fellow-emigrants. I looked bewildered around me. No pier, no wharf, no conveyance! The Edwins was in the stream, sepa-rated from the shore by several other vessels, with which some narrow planks formed our only connection and over which we must clamber up and down before we could reach the shore. My head was still unsteady, and my body weak, from the tossing of the ocean, and they in fact remained so for several days. I looked about me in despair, considering what to do. To on like myself, accustomed to the piers, wharfs, etc., provided in Europe, this new mode of landing appeared barbarous, savage, and reckless. I looked about im-ploringly for aid, and for the first time heard the voice from Sinal uttering the great commandment for this life-'Help yourself, sir.' It came from Heaven-that is, from aloft. The voice was right. Everybody is, from aloft. around was fully occupied with himself. I tried a few steps on the planks, but was obliged to sit down, and thus prevented others from passing. This and real compassion moved two good-natured Swiss to put me on my legs again, and to support me over the trembling plank. The whole occurrence, the aiding Swiss excepted, was my first bite of the bitter bread of pov-

erty,-other bites were to follow. Supported by the Swiss I touched and saluted the soil sacred in my mind to liberty. A hackman took hold of me and repeated what I supposed was the

hand-shakings, etc., Cooper asked me about this and that prince, count, etc., from among his European acquaintance. Supposing me to be still in my former more than independent circumstances, his next ques-tion was whether I came to study and visit the Repubwith her dog and kills her cat, whereupon he is immediately removed to the congenial society of Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs.

Here, after so long delay, we come upon that ubiquitous sporting ground, 'the course of true love.' The parties are Frank Stanton and Mary Hobbs, who have hitherto given considerable indulgence to concealment, and suffered, in consequence, as to their damask cheeks.

Bank Mrs. Hobbs Here, after so long delay, we come upon that ubiquitous sporting ground, 'the course of true love.' The parties are Frank Stanton and Mary Hobbs, who have hitherto given considerable indulgence to concealment, and user evening he left the Globe Hotel for some other, hitherto given considerable indulgence to concealment, and wifered, in consequence, as to their damask cheeks.

Canada Mrs. Hope and the second of the clerk, Mr. Cooper having been an habitue of long standing. I never after the Mr. E. Cooper having been an habitue of long standing. I never after the Mr. E. Cooper having been an habitue of long standing.

terwards met Mr. F. Cooper, and never sought for, or even thought of him. Only years afterwards did I understand the meaning of his behavior. I understood it when I became acqui in human nature, a shadow which I had neither observed nor discovered while in Europe, probably on ac ant of my social rank there.

The length and crowded bustle of Broadway astor ished me inexpressibly. I had never imagined New York to be in any way a great city, and now it unfolded before my staring gaze all the characteristics of one on the largest scale. I was almost frightened at the stream of people, and at the stereotyped cagerness and sharpless expressed on their features. For the first time in my life, I was thrown among an exclusively reconstitute constitute. by Squire Bryan; the return of Frank Stanton, after a disanisal from the paternal relative, to whom, however, he is subsequently reconciled; the engagement of Frank and Mary, under Squire Bryan's protection; the discovery of Mary's parentage; the sorrow of Dickey, set out in the cold; and the tribulation of the same uniform expression of face. The more bickey, set out in the cold; and the tribulation of the sion confirmed. After having spent the whole day in

or would it be amine to consider the advantage of being constantly civil and obliging. While the necessity of enough intelligence to do as they are bid must be apparent to even the dullest among them.

If the Rev. Mr. Wilson should present the need of with sufficient force to lead to their general adoption, be will earn for himself the thanks of a grateful community.

Let him but carry through this good work, and then there will be enough for time to do in attempting the man reforms amongst the politicians, in office and special interest to discuss the subject; but we incline the period of the subject; but we incline the period first from among my letters, the one discuss the sort of estate to Dr. Herman Ludwig. His name is well kind that he will be force to lead to Dr. Herman Ludwig. His name is well kind the name is well to be printers, Mr. Reade wrote to the literary member of the first parable for Europeans of all conditions and pursuits who have newly arrived in New York. From the first these practical reforms upon the minds of his hearers of ellipsing should be changed, so as to avoid the parable for Europeans of all conditions and pursuits who have newly arrived in New York. From the first these practical reforms upon the minds of his hearers of ellipsing should be changed, so as to avoid the parable for Europeans of all conditions and pursuits who have newly arrived in New York. From the first these practical reforms upon the minds of his hearers not altogether truthful. But its characters are clearly hour of our acquaintance to his last breath, he showed in the title page should be changed, so as to avoid the possible proved him who have newly arrived in New York. From the first theorem is altogether truthful. But its characters are clearly hour of our acquaintance to his last breath, he showed to the literary member to the firm, requestively and the parable for Europeans of all conditions and pursuits who have newly arrived in New York. From the first theorem is well to prove the min the possible prov

mous work appeared in Germany in 1889, and made considerable noise in the political press. Its author-ship remained an enigma, and the public opinion of that time ascribed it to me. This first greeting in America, on account of the authorship of a book almost forgotten in Europe, really exalted me a little.

Most luckily for me, the two Prussian ministers to Washington, the one about leaving America, and the other going to his post, were in New York. To both I was recommended from Europe. Both received me warmly and kindly, and did at once what they considered necessary for my social recognition. Baron de G-gave me in trust, so to speak, to Dr. C-and to Hon. 8— R— for further piloting across the shoals, etc., of New York.

shoals, etc., of New York.

Before deciding upon any further steps, I thought it better to observe a little, and to learn to speak English this was likewise the advice of my European godfathers. I was to go to an American boardinghouse. There was one such just opposite the Globe Hotel: and thither I transported my few effects. The widow of a broken-down merchant kept the house, and the society was composed mostly of widows and merchants' clerks, all of them in some way or other of broken fortunes. This I looked upon as a bad omen, and as I could have very little congenial intercourse with the rost of the very little congenial intercourse with the rest of the boarders, even to practice my bad English, and beside as I could not get accustomed to the drill of eating meals in crywds, and to the hurried and rather promis-cuous way in which the process of feeding went on, I left the boardinghouse after a few weeks, and took rooms in what was then called up-town, at the corner

of Broadway and Murray street, in order to enjoy my old European independent way.

The little sum of money I brought from Europe re-quired strict economy, and I was forced to put myself upon the smallest daily allowance. But certain inborn wants could not be so easily discarded. A large, airy, and comfortable room for my books and myself was unavoidable. I concluded there was more comfort in unavonator. I concurred there was more control in that than in my fare. The latter was therefore to be reduced, and the first onslaught of poverty fell upon my alimentation. My breakfasts consisted of crackers and cold water darkened with the essence of coffee, an awful drug with which I had become acquainted through a bill posted up somewhere. For the other meal, cor-responding to a dinner, I discovered a basement in Fulton Market, frequented by stevedores, sailors, etc. gentility. In order to eat what the waiter brought me, I shut my eyes and dined principally on brown sugar and bread. For almost the first time in my life I saw tobseco-chewing and its results on a large scale.

To avoid the nauscous sight around me, I generally laid down my head on the table, waiting my turn for mastication. So it went on for several days. Finally a good-natured tar approached me, and patting me in a friendly way on my shoulder, said: "Man, you are sick and downcast, come take a drink, it will cure you." I did not know the signification of 'a drink, but not wishing to reject a government sym-pathy, followed him to the table or bar-room, swal-lowed what he offered me, and shook him gratefully by the hand, but never returned to Fulton Market.

ANOTHER ENGLISH PRINCE IN AMERICA We gather from the Correio Mercantal, of Rio Janeiro ome particulars of the visit of Prince Alfred, the cond son of her Majesty Queen Victoria, to the Southern American continent, almost at the same time that his brother, the Prince of Wales, was dispensing oyal sunshine in the northern portion.

The Brazilians are a very quiet people, and a little more accustomed to royalty than we of this more dem-ocratic clime; and it may be on that account that his ocratic clime; and it may be on that account that his Royal Highness Prince Alfred did not cause any great commotion that we know of, either among the newspa-per folks or their readers, when the frigate Euryalus entered the splendid bay of Rio on the 29th of last June. The Corroio, in the next day's issue, announces her ar-rival in the most unsensational manner, as follows:— Yesterday the English steam frigate Buryolus arrived, having on sourd Prince Alfred, second son of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who s in the capacity of midshipman.

If a clam-boat had sunk, or any other vulgar occur rence had taken place, they could not have shown less excitement or more stoical indifference. They don't ap-

preciate visitors as we do. We are next informed as follows

On yesterday, the 30th, the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Grand Chamberlain of the Imperial Falance went on board the frigate to compliment and welcome the young Frince. At a quartier past 8 we his Royal Highest landed at the Marine Arsenal, accompanied by the commander of the frigate, and was received by the helpinh by the commander of the frigate, and was received by the helpinh which he flightness, tupether with the Minister and commander drive to St. Christopher. What his Royal Highness was doing during the next couple of days we are not informed, and are simply

left to imagine that he had a good time in the Palace of St. Christopher. A Sunday intervened, by the way, and it would be very gratifying to our pious feelings to know whether the young Prince went to church, or whether he profaned the day by whistling some national home-strain, or got homesick and cried, for even princes have feelings; but we shall perhaps never know. There is no one like our Jenkins, South of the

equator, clearly.

But his Highness reappears. We are told, in lan-guage far cooler than the fabled cucumber, that 'his Highness Prince Alfred returned yesterday, July 3, from Petropolis, on board the frigate Euryalus, where he was visited at half-past one in the afternoon by his Majesty the Emperor. At a quarter-past four o'clock (the Southern Jenkins is very accurate) the Emperor and Prince landed, and proceeded to the Palace of St Christopher, where his Highness dined. bers of the Ministry were present. His Majesty and the Prince were accompanied by Mr. Christie and other members of the British Legation at this Court; Mr. memors of the British Legation at this Court: Mr. Delamare, Commander of the Naval Station; the Captain and two midshipmen of the Euryolus; the Prince's preceptor, and Dr. Jacobina, Assistant Grand Chamber lain of the Imperial Palace. To-day, July 4, his Highness visited the House of Mercy and the Asylum of

San Pedro.

We learn that the fracate will leave to morrow for the Cape of Good Hope.

The next day's Chronicle is equally brief His Highness Prince Affred visited the Market square yesteriay at seven o'clock in the morning (Jenkins had to rise-early), where he drove, in an imperial carriage, to the Patherian and Oor evade. Returning thence he proceeded to the Asylum of San Pedro. In consequence of the long stay he made at the Asylum, he was our able to visit the Hespital of the Santa Casa.

At four o'clock, the Prince embarked in a beat which awaited him at the Marine Arsenal. His Highness took with him on board a quantity of Bourer gathered during his morning's walk.

And finally, it is narrated, in two lines, that 'on vesterday, July 6, the frigate Euryalus, which brought Prince Alfred, sailed for the Cape of Good Hope.'

And so the Royal visit ended. There was no one to tell us what he wore, or how he looked; no one to measure his hands and feet, or tell us the length of his

nowe; whether he waltzed divinely or whether he

waltzed at all In short, there was no Jenkins. Hap

py Prince! THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Mr. Charles Reads is, perhaps, the brightest ex-ample of literary magnanimity and honesty before the y in young writers of the day. The same just respect that sees I be demands for his own writings, he is wrupulous to Dickey, set out in the cold; and the tributation of the son confirmed. After having spent the whose day in straight the faces I hung in effigy, and who finally departs to another, and, let us hope, a more peaceful region, in pursuit of philanthropy and the rights of man.

From this reviewal of its incidents it may be per-

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

I take my pen in hand, as the young ladies say-as if the pen were usually carried between the toes, to tell you that my friends of THE STURDAY PRESS and that I shall enliven that dull sheet, every week, with a Dramatic Feuilleton, whether I have anything to write about or not, which betweeneyou and me, coneral, I very rarely have as you must have found out are though I don't suppose you care much about it wouldn't make any difference that I know of you did which may be a rather disrespectful way of outting it and in that base letake it all back and go ight on just as if I hadn't said it and we were just as sol friends as ever as Chope we are, not so much for my sake as yours which makes all the difference imag-

I suppose if I were clever and witty like PERSONNE who will weave the most delicate and graceful web in the world out of nothing (like a spider), I could take the dramatic doings of this last week, and make a story out of them that would entertain you as much as a leader in the World, or the last article in the Bos-ton Recorder (which is really very funny), on infant

But then, I am neither clever nor witty, and so must do the best I can, or loss my place,—which is some-thing too deadful to think of, especially just now when the opera-season is setting in, and there will be topics and to spare, or Maretzek and Ulman exhose name, by the way, I could never spello are not the

men I take them for.

The topic which has interested me most this week is the accident that happened the other day to DOLLY DAYKNONT, and of which I spoke last week -not

howing how serious it was rather lightly.

Poor fellow, he writes that grateful as he would be tor the wooden arm I so kindly offered to get up for him, he was much more likely, at the time, to be in need of a wooden leg, though happily that danger is now past, and, new accidents excepted, he will be ate t again in a few weeks, sound in wind and limb, and early, General, to receive your congratulations which I trust will be offered to him in a very solid

My other invalid Trows Hanton- is now almost well, and is doing so much better than could be exparted that Peoria, Penobscot, Braintown, etc., when they see him go through his perilous performances every night, at Nixon's, fancy that falling forty feet from the ceiling is as common and as triffing an affair

the alternative were offered me, I should certainly have my choice, and I fear it would not be for the ceiling, though it I belonged to The World, I might think but did not think it worth mention.

tallen (and she, by the way, couldn't fall from 'grace,' without altering her whole nature,) before she was on her horse again, and going through a series of feats which surprised Pentland so much that he kept his

n minutes.

It was like the 'silence in heaven' spoken of in evelations, though I believe that lasted 'half-an-

If J. P. should be silent for half an hour, he'd

burst, and Nixon's fortune would be made.

And now I might as well hush up myself, for, as I intimated at the beginning, there is nothing going on in the Dramatic World worth talking about, and won't rage, and the Subscriber - who, fortunately, doesn't know enough about music to prevent his enjoying it-will be in his element.

But why not say something you may ask, Genera about 'Anderson's Great Cyclogeotic Magicodrame at the Winter Garden; the Curriculum at Nixon's nd Miss Jane Coombs at Wallack's

Pray, what would you have me say I went once to see Anderson, and told you what I thought of him and his long-winded things, last week; and as for the Curriculum, my dislike for muscular felows generally (please always except the gentleman) Hanlons, when I speak of them) is so great, that their erformances fail to interest me; while in respect to Misa Coomis, she is so awfully genteel and respectable in her style of acting, that after seeing her it requires a week of Mrs. Wood to restore me to my natural state

And a week of Mrs. Word is not always to be had that name, is to my seeming quite another person. I thing: and as I am not likely to have her for a long

Yours as much as anybody's,

QUELOUUN. P. S.-1 see, General, by the following editorial article from the Chicago Press and Tribuse, that one of my particular favorites is making quite a sensation out

Didn't I tell you so?

The second appearance of this celebrated juvenile performer, whose early fame was so patent in our city. The article in the Express closes with a recommendations pronounced upon this talent ed and accomplished youthful artists by the New York and Boston press, and the lavish encomiums bestowed upon the new tragedy of Geraldine in all the Eastern cities, combined to render the occasion a most interesting one, and even those among our theatre-goers who have become somewhat blasé to the attractions usually offered, were aroused from their apathy, by the announcement of the fair young disciple of Melpomene who had arisen, a new star indeed, gifted with youth, beauty, refined culture, and intuitive genius, to fit her for the task of raising the legitimate drama to the proud preeminence at held in former years. Here entrance last evening was the signal for hearty plaudits, and the admiration of her auditors was challenged at once by the striking face and gracefully majestic figure, as well as the wonderful dramatic capacity of the heroine of the night. For a girl of such tender years to represent a character whose varying passions and womanly dignity seemed to demand the experience that time alone can bestow, would have seemed indeed an arduous task. But Miss Bateman did far more than represent the deep love, the sisterly devotion, the proud agony of silent grief, the madness of infuriate joalousy, the self-abrogating death of the heart-broken woman. She embodied them all with such life-like reality that theatre and play were alike forgotten by the auditors, and it was the tortured anguish of a human soul that seemed revealed before us.

We have not space to speak of Mrs. Bateman's masterly and classic tragedy, or in truth of the acting.

The problem to the terpress with the transmit in the Express closes with a recommendation with the last Buller. The more more was pressed in correcting the problems or our three problems or papers and in the Express of the successful competer is a least of the

tion which is as novel as it must be bothersome to the auditors, and it was the tortured anguish of a human soul that seemed revealed before us.

We have not space to speak of Mrs. Bateman's masterly and classic tragedy, or in truth of the acting, as they deserve. In brief, we pronounce Geraldine an inchaining the attention from the rise of the curtain to its fall, and amply deserving the great success it has everywhere achieved, and that Miss Bateman's rendition of the character of the heroine is a most wonderful and admirable performance. When we first naw the we see it announced that the Philadelphia translation of the character of the heroine is a most wonderful and admirable performance. When we first saw the greatle girl whose downcast eyes and blushing checks so modestly acknowledged her welcome to the scenes of past triumphs, we were utterly unprepared for the impussioned carnestness which made her face goow pallid and her eyes flash like lightning with the intensity of the scene. We at once accord to Miss Bateman the very highest place among the tagediennes of the day combining as she does the power and intellect of Cushman with the graceful sweetness of Julia Dean. The play is a complete picture of feudal days, and was well mounted, and the characters generally well performed.

Mr. Buskin publishes in the last number of the Corshill Magazine an article upon political economy, which also appears, from advance sheets, in the Septimary of the odds of the Losing Game. He has become very much excited on the subject of Self-mates, and would reject them altogether because he never the scene. We at once accord to Miss Bateman that the graceful sweetness of Julia Dean. The play is a complete picture of feudal days, and was well mounted, and the characters generally well performed.

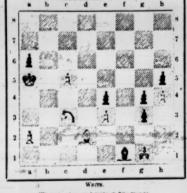
Mr. Buskin publishes in the last number of the German Hamilton for the Spanish Armania.

— Mr. Ruskin publishes in the last number of the Corshill Magazine an article upon political economy, which also appears, from advance sheets, in the Septimary of the odds of the Losing Game. He has be carded the subject of Self-mates, and would reject them altogether because he never the exist of the odds of the Losing Game. He has because the subject of Self-mates, and would reject them altogether because he never the exist of the odds of the Losing Game. He has because the subject of Self-mates, and would reject them altogether because he never the exist of the odds of the Losing Game. He has because the subject of Self-mates, and would reject them altogether because he treat with contempt the proten

Chess Column

The New York Saturday Press SEPTEMBER 1, 1980

> PROBLEM No. 44. BLACK.



White to play, and mate in five moves

1 Q 11-c1 2 B a7-c5 † 3 K c4-c5 4 Kr a5-c4;	50L(TION TO PROBLEM No. 152-c1-Q 1 2. K c4-c15 3. K d5-c4 4. K a 5-c4 4	K1 € -(4†

- A game between Diseases and Aspenses. From Ude

1 17 18 17 18 17 18 17 18 18		EVANS GAMET	
14: Kt f3-14 B bb-f1 And White resigns.	1	Andrawax	6 R a8-cs 17 17 17 17 17 17 17 1

Petrus.

We have made a discovery. And we should feel something of a discoverer's elation, if it was not for the fact that our discovery is, to use the words of Mr

long since, of imposing upon its readers by placing be-fore them fabricated evidence—purporting to be that of Mr. Edge—in the case of Morphy versus Deacon. At the time we expect this honest proceeding, we did not know that it originated with a regular Chess-

As the Espress has some constitutional and other litments with the SATURDAY PRESS, its Chess ent feels called upon to get mad at ours. This fact would be a little more interesting if Paraus did not have such an evident dislike for being either lively, original, or sensible. As he is simply heavy, there can be no particular amusement in picking him up and holding him until your arm grows tired. Dr. Winship is the only one we know of who is fond enough of dead weight to take Perrars in hand. We can get some little entertainment in a quarrel with ARTESIAN'S or Ex-Wise-Brad; but the inducements to carry on a contest with this new-found geological specimen, are much too small. Not to be too disobliging, however, we give him a little lift, for this once.

We have seen but a single number of the Express column, and of the five articles which it contains, four are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, Permus undertakes to say something about the Morphy-Dearon affair; but he keeps wandering off to talk familiarly about 'dog-righting,' 'rat-killing,' and other Cape Cod games. We are entirely willfing to take it for granted that the knowledge which he displays of these local amusements is quite accurate. But when these local amusements in quite accurate. But when the comes to speak of Chess, he is evidently not near so much at home. He invests the game with attributes which are generally supposed to belong to the player. He finds, or expects to find, 'urbanity and good-breeding ' in it, and talks of the ' courtesies practised by Chess!'

Somebody has said-or if somebody hasn't said, we If a week of Mrs. Wosal is not always to be had, and work of Mrs. Wosal is not always to be had, and who acted in 'Our American Consin' under name, is to my seeming quite another person. I have—thre genuine original Mrs. Wood, or no: and as I am not likely to have her for a long I decline to see Miss Coombs, and beg to sign If the Mrs. Thus there are imitators of thin as copies Albert Edward, and John Thomas copies Jenkins. The great Koward gets caught in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'pittiful trickster,' 'musty rogue,' and 'frivolous noodle.'

His Philialethikin in intertor initiators and the properties of the propert called to an account, vindicates himself by the words vagabond, scamp, and blackleg. Prrace gives a little bit of false testimony, and when exposed clears himself by saying, bully, dog-fighter, and rat-

My Dear Sir: - In copying the lyric which appear imultaneously in two of the September magazines, ou afford me the opportunity of forestalling a conclu-ion not particularly to my credit. Your readiness in this matter is characteristic and charming

this matter is characteristic and charming.

Somewhat more than a year since, when the Atlantic Monthly was under the control of Messra. Phillips,

Sampson & Co., I sent the publishers a poem entitled

"The Song of Fatima." It took the corresponding clerk of Phillips, Sampson & Co. six months to acknow ledge the receipt of my note, when he graciously in-formed me that the MS. had been lost! In the meanformed me that the MS. had been lost! In the mean-time the firm failed, and the magazine passed into the hands of its present publishers, who, I am free to say, treat an author as if he were a responsible human be-ing. I waited six months longer, hoping the poem (as it had not been accepted) would be returned to me. Patience is the key of content. I then rewrote the verses, being prone to

and sent them to the Knickerbocker Magazins, as I had a perfect right to do. Four or five days before the September number of the Atlantic was issued, I saw 'The Song of Fatima 'advertised in the list of contenta song or ratima advertised in the lat of contents.

I immediately wrote to my friend, Mr. Clarke, but was too late to prevent him publishing the song in his September number, though in time to have the title omitted in his table of original contributions. The consequence was 'The Song of Fatima' and 'The Song of Abbassa' --- substantially the same poem, as you happily remark, --appeared at the same time, one in the Atlantic and the other in the Knickerbooker. Not at all a satisfactory arrangement to me, however refreshing to you, since I can draw a check neither on Mr. Clarke nor on Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

In reply to your tender inquiry as to which of the versions is my favorite, I would say: The one read last, reading the two poems in any order you please.
With many thanks I am very truly yours,
T. B. Aldrich.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 28, 1860.

the alternative were offered me, I should certainly have my choice, and I fear it would not be for the ceiling, though it I belonged to The World. I might think differently.

And, speaking of invalids, I came near having another one on my list lact week in the person of M'lle Zoyara, who fell backwards from her horse (which shied at one of Jo Pentland's jokes), and came alown to the ground, as it seemed to me, with force enough to break her spine.

But I believe these circus people don't have any spines. I'm certain the Hanlons haven't, and as for Zoyara, everything is doubtful about her, even her sex, though I have my own notions on that point, which I wouldn't change even on a certificate from the College of Surgeons.

We clip the above from an English paper. The report of the Select Committee is probably of no more value than such governmental reports usually are. It may be, however, that the Committee arrived at such may be, moverer, that the committee was partly or entirely startling conclusions because it was partly or entirely comprised of the lunatics who they suggest are lying round losse and unrecognized in English society.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of Mesars. John Hooper & Co., Advertising Agents, of whom we can say, from personal experience, that their business is conducted with great fidelity and promptness, and in such a manner as to be of serious promptness, and in such a manner as to be of serious advantage—especially in point of economy—to all parties. There are so many irresponsible persons en-gaged in the same business, that we feel justified in de-parting from our usual rule and recommending the firm in reference as one which can, in every respect se depended upon.

- The courteous dignity of the English courts has been proverbial since Jeffreys and Elden gave the ton to their proceedings. The late muscle-mania seems however, to have attacked even the fogies of the clip from an English paper :

ccine, as we gatter from the amerget teem, which we clip from an English paper:

A curious 'scene' occurred at Guildford Assises, which almost eventuated in a Sayers and Heenan demonstration, between Judge Blackburn and High Sheriff Evelyn. The High Sheriff wanted the Judge to compliment the gentlemen who attended the Grand Jury, but had not been called upon to serve, for having done what they were bound to do under severe penalities, which the Judge declined, as a work of supererogation. Thereupon, the High Sheriff jumped up and began complimenting in propria persona. The Judge ordered him into his seat, the Sheriff penaliting in keeping upon his legs; so the Judge thrust him down into his seat, and suiting the word to the action, fined him £500, which he subsequently remitted in a note, the only answer to which from the Sheriff was a blank envelope, with a £500 cheque in it. Subsequently, under the auspices of the chief judge, the Sheriff read an apology in court, when Judge Blackburn took the opportunity, however, to administer a final rap over the knuckles to the representative of the high shrievalty.

— We clip the following item of exquisite misinfor-

- We clip the following item of exquisite misinfor-

Joel Hayden, of Haydenville, Mass., has presented to Amberst College a beautiful bronze statue, to be placed in the centre of the college flower garden. It represents the nymph fashian, involved in Comus, and is modelled after the similar marble statue which was exhibited in the London and New York World's Pain.

Alas for sweet poesy and fair Sabrina, torn from her grotto in the happy Thames, evolved from Comus and her name thus mutilated, that she should be forced to ilated, that she should be forced to anguish amid the dull bigotry of Amherst, where rules

" leathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forbor,
Monget borrid shapes, and shricks, and sights unholy." - The following letter from Charles Dickens was re-

— The following letter from Charles Dickens was received by the last European steamer:

Game Han Place, Higham, by Rochester, 1
Kent. Friday, 10th August, 1860.

To Joseph E. Worcosier, Lie.D., Cambridge, Mass.—My Dear Sir; I have safely received, through the couriesy of Messra. Low & Co., your handsome present of your Dickinary. Allow me cordaily to thank you for it, sirtly, as a fastering mark of your regard, accountly on wider and more general grounds. It is a most remarkable work, of which amorices will be justly proud, and for which also that the state of the laborinum than the work of the laborinum than the work of which amorices will be justly proud, and for which your reame and to be grateful to you. Access my recomprishablesian in the achievement of this laborinum task, together with my best wishers for a specify and enduring return in profit and hour.

My dear Sir, faithfully yours.

Caring Dickers. - The second volume of Mr. John G. Palfrey's ' His

September by Mesars. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

Mr. Murray is preparing for publication, from the pen of Mr. John Lothrop Motley, a new work entitled 'The United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Death of Olden Barneveld.'

The late Mr. Prescott's History of Phillip II. was inter-

In a recent Tournament at the Vienna Chees Club, the first prise was gained by Herr Hampe, and the section by Herr Steinits.

There is now a Chees Club in Bucharest, the capital of opinions, in order that I might lay the foundation of them afresh; believing that by this means, I should be considered the capital of them afresh; believing that by this means, I should be considered to the capital of them afresh; believing that by this means, I should be considered to the capital of them afresh; believing that by this means, I should be considered to the capital of them afresh; believing that by this means, I should be considered to the capital of them afresh; believing that by this means, I should be considered to the capital of the c ond by Herr Steiner.

There is now a Chess Club in Bucharest, the capital of Valachia. Its president is named Weist, and it meets in the Café Concordia.

The annual meeting of the British Chess Association was to have been held at Cambridge on the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of August. There was to be a tournament between sixteen players, and a number of matches between Clubs.

Out them afresh; believing that by this means, I should more easily accomplish the great scheme of life, than by building on an old basis, and supporting myself by principles which I had learned in my youth, without examining if they were really true. I, therefore, will occupy myself freely and carciestly in effecting a general destruction of all my old opinions. For, if we would know all truths that can be known, we must, in the first place, free ourselves from our prejudices. in the first place, free ourselves from our prejudices, and make a point of rejecting these things which we have received, until we have subjected them to a new examination. We, therefore, must derive our opinions, not from tradition, but from ourselves. We must not pass judgment upon any subject which we do not clearly understand; for even if such a judgment is correct, it can only be so by accident, not having solid ground on which to support itself. But so far are we from this state of indifference, that our memory is full of prejudices; we pay attention to words rather than to things; and being thus alaves to form, there are too many of us who believe themselves religions, when in fact they are bigoted and superstitious; who think themselves perfect because they go, much to church, because they often repeat prayers, because they wear short hair, because they fast, because. cause they wear short hair, because they fast, because they give alms. These are the men, who imagine themselves such friends of God, that nothing they do gratify their passions by committing the greatest crimes, such as betraying towns, killing princes, exter-minating nations; and all this they do to those who

- It is announced that the Rev. Patrick Bronte, father of Charlotte Bronté, has retired from the active duties of his profession, by reason of age and infirmity. He preached his last sermon in Haworth church, on Sunday, the 22nd of July. His successor is the Rev. Mr. Nicholl.

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Spaiding's Prepared Glue.

From the Sciencific advisoring, Sew 1 ora Sciations's Parkarant Girk.—We have received several samples of prepared input glue, put up in small bottles; by Mr. H. C. Spal lang, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending of furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on mand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in con-structing and repairing their models.

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PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally well
s wherever it goes; it is precusely the ready
batance needed for repairing furniture and i

[From Punch, August 18.]

HOME. GREAT HOME!

Through humbugs and fallacies though we may roam.

Be they never so artful, there's no case like Home.

With, a lift from the spirits he 'll rise in the air

Though, as lights are put out first, we can't see him
there).

Home, Home, great Home-There's no case like Home!

Of itself his Accordeon to play will begin
(If you won't look too hard at the works hid within
Spirit-hands, at his bidding, will come, touch, and go
But you mustn't peep under the table, you know).

Home, Home, great Home —
There's no case like Home!

Spring-blinds will fly up or run down at his word (If a wire has been previously fixed to the cord). He can make tables dance and bid chairs stand on (But, of course, it must be in the house of a friend! Home, Home, great Home!

There's no case like Home!

The spirits to him (howe'er others may hap).
Have proved themselves worth something more rap;
And a new age of miracles people may mark
(If they 'll only consent to be kept in the dark).

Home, Home, great Home—
There's no case like Home!

ENGLISE LITERARY WEEKLIES.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Banzerano, No. 636 Broadway, has made arrangements for supplying his customers with the Saturday Review, the Athanaum, the Crinc, and all the other London week-

Such it appears, is the true orthography of this gestlemnes, whose Kying exploits so far coale those of Puter Wilkinsor Parts Stranger than Fection 'Overhill Magazine for Angust

lies for which there is a regular demand.

ments inserted at the Publishers' LOWEST CASE

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ADVANCE RATES

New York Times

The North American Review. No. CLIXXVIII. July, 1880. Boston: Crusby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 1880. HENRY CLAPP. JR., EDITOR or Lessons in the French Language, on the Robertsonian of Intended for the Use of Persons studying the language ut a Teacher. By A. H. Monteith, Esq., Hon. Member of I. C. Philadelphia T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

THE WORLD.

O, the World! Or, as Sydney Dobell would say,

(), the World, the World, the World ! And by the World, we mean not this round Globs which turns on its axie-tree or whatever every twenty-four hours with an aplomb and frequency which would astonish even the Hanlon Brothers, but nothing more Becton "Hayer & Eddridge 1800

An Kie opener for the Work Awakes By Elmur Wright of Elmo-paier 19, 50 Baston Thayer & Eddridge 1800

orty Years Experience in Soutialy Schools By Stephen H. Tyng, 17 to 1200 19, 251. New York Sheldon & Co. 1800

actors even the mannon proviners, our notation for less than the World-newspaper. Perhaps, then, it would have been better said at the start, O, the World-newspaper!

At any rate, we say it now.

O, the World-newspaper!

And lest we should be misunderstood, we repeat:

O, the Warld-newspaper!
And, moreover, lest our readers should be the dark than ever, we beg to explain that the World-newspaper is a dreary sheet, price one penny, issued every day except the Lord's day (all the other days it looks upon, we presume, as the Devil's days), from its own 'office,' No. 35 Park Row, New York, and pub-lished, so far as appears, by Nobody-in-Particular, who also, it would seem, has charge of its editorial de-

partment, and conducts its business generally.

That is, so far as it has any business to conduct.

And whether it has any or not, is Nobody-in-Partic-

ular's affair.

All that we are concerned about is the World's morals, for the World, be it known, is moral or nothing—mostly nothing, to be sure, but now and then nite moral.

(for the charitable presumption is, that its morality is only a dodge) the subject of a few off-hand comments. It was a striking exhibition of this dodge which ade us exclaim, in language which would do to either Dobell or Everett,

(), the World, the World! Not to keep the reader in continued suspense, eg to announce that the World has come out strong

sellers, and the street-walkers, and the Sabbath-breakers, and now its virtue has culminated in a cruade against the gamblers.

Not the gamblers in stocks, or in merchandize, or in

ing them; in fact, they and the street-walkers were bis chief stock-in-trade, and the way he ground them into paint, and whitened the City Hall Sepulchre with them, showed as much skill as his shrewdest specula-

[Ww EVERIOTAL, Ww. EVERIOTAL, Jr., HENRY EVERIOTAL, ENGRAVERS AND PRINTEDS. 104 Fulton (near William street), New York GO TO PPAPP'S I-At Pfuff's Restaurant and Lager Bie Salson, No. 647 Recadway, New York, you will find the heat Vi-mids, the heat Lager Bier, the heat Coffee and Tea, the heat Wines and Laquors, the heat Havana Cigars,—in fine, the heat of every-thing, at Moderate Prices. N. B.—You will also find at Pfaff's the heat German, French

or commercial cheating, for example—it is almost certain that he will get more kicks than coppers for it, and at best, earn the credit of being a grumbler. We don't know that we ought to complain of the World, therefore, since by its little cheap commonplaces against notorious social evils, it is gradually getting a new thing to pitch into, -the infamous character of our

This periodical crusade against gamblers and street walkers is such an obvious sham, is gotten up so evi dently for the purpose of gratifying a prurient curios ity, and is so invariably fruitless of all good, that it has come at last to be not only weariso

they are really bent on doing anything in the reform way, why not begin at home?

Take New York, for example. Does anybody suppose that the morals of Nassau street are any better than those of Mercer street? Or that the conductors of any of the daily papers in this city are in a position to preach against any kind of gambling or prostitution? If so, there is more greenness in the community than

No, the simple truth is that a faithful history of any one day's business in either of the usiness in either of the great newspape nts of New York, would reveal as much depravity of character, as much moral enormity of alany gambling-hell or house of prostitution in the land Hence if the World, or any other newspaper, is de-irous of making a sensation in the moral way, it had better let prostitutes and blacklegs alone, for the mo ment, and either publish its own confessions or expose the secrets of some of its neighbors.

which might, in these times, be gotten up at a moment's notice, would be more startling than anything in the way of moral atrocity that has been published for

Who will begin the work ?

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SERVANTS.

The following call for a Convention of the waiters this city, to be holden to-day, we clip from the Angl African, the organ of that large and useful class of persons, the colored population of New York:

A Concention of waiters of the city and vicinity, will be held in Br. H. M. Wilson's church, Sevenia Arcsure, sone Discontract, on the evening of Sepi. 1st. As matter of much impact and the Wilson's church the Convention, it is hoped that it itendance will be large. Rev. H. M. Wilson and other abpeakers will deliver addressed.

As the comfort and well-being of society is more dependent upon the deliberations of this useful body, than upon those of any or all of the political Conventions, concerning which the newspapers are making so much noise just now, we would beg leave to present a few suggestions to their careful consider

This we do in no trifling spirit.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRIMS IS too well aware of the value of waiters and the worthlessness of politi-cians to treat with equal levity the pretenzions of both The self-styled servants of the public are not a class whose private or public claims to respect and gratitude are considered by THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRIME to be as valid as those put forward, with the modest, which always characterises true merit, by the waiters of this city. And for this reason we do not anticipate that our suggestions will be treated with the contemp with which their self-sufficiency causes politicians to treat all advice.

concerning the propriety of keeping themselves clean, nor would it be amiss to consider the advantage of being constantly civil and obliging. While the neces-sity of enough intelligence to do as they are hid must be apparent to even the dullest among them.

If the Rev. Mr. Wilson should present the need of these practical reforms upon the minds of his hearest with sufficient force to lead to their general adoption,

Let him but carry through this good work, and then there will be enough for him to do in attempting the same reforms amongst the politicians, in office and

THE PROMY IDOL.

A novel entitled 'The Ebony Idol' has just been pub-ished by Mesers. D. Appleton & Co., of this city.
'The Ebony Idol' means the Negro, and is thus the very felicitous title of a story in which a Negro is the very fel

It is the design of this story to ridicule the Abo-lition movement in the North, and especially to re-take those clergymen who introduce politics into the pulpit, and delectate their flocks with anti-slavery ser-of the land immediately around the immense bay, and

The evil thus assailed is delineated as follows:

The clergy have made alavery a perfect hobby. With a few bonorable exceptions they have joined forces, pledging to sustain each other. They presume upon the sacredness of their profession, and the confidence and prejudices of the people, to take such liberties with the church as they please. But the clergy have carried this thing too far. Their own imprudence has rent the veil asunder, and the people are reasoning for themselves. They weary of this eternal harpfing upon the nigger-string. There is a vast deal of polite profanity issuing from our pulpits, which falls very jarringly upon the ears of the world. It is high time for the Pulpit to be purged from some of its abominations. To what, we sak, is this unwonted disregard for the Sabbath, and this startling predisposition to infidelity attributable, which for the last few years has palsied religious influence, and clogged the wheels of Christianity? Why are blackaliders from the true faith so numerous, and why is the Church hooted at by her former friends? We boildly answer, it is because the clergy have grown wanton in their abuse of the respect accorded to them as the vicegehooted at by her former friends? We boldly answer, it is because the clergy have grown wanton in their abuse of the respect accorded to them as the vicegerents of God! They insult the audiences that go up to the high places for religious instructions, by forcing upon them political rantings which they would not presume to utter in the streets! Most recklessly have they cast the 'apple of discord' among their people. Wickedly have they imputed their own self-will and tenacity of purpose to the impulses of God! We repudiate such blasphemy! A political priest is a social and moral evil, and the church can no more thrive under his influence, than flowers beneath the shade of the deadly upas.

And what is to be the result of this strange fanaticisms !—for, indeed, by what milder appellative can it to be known?

Cannot the clergy be made sensible that they are placing the axe at the root of their own tree!—that they are supplied to the clergy? In whom can we believe, if the pastor that we have elected with thanksgiving, and sustained with our prayers, tramples upon our religious interests to gratify his personal proclivities? We have trusted; alas, let us not be betrayed! Break to us still the Bread of Life, for which we are an hungered; avail yourselves of the sanctity with which we invest you, and which is the key to the influence you exert over the people, to hush the tempests of our passions, and so far as in you lies.

Between us two let there be peace:

The human heart demands this influence; we turn least the supplementation of the supplementation.

of Minden, where the scene of the story is laid, and where are collected most of the characters. Here is fayette (who up to his death treated me like a father) nearly the whole community—some system of political or commercial cheating, for example—it is almost certain that he will get more kicks than coppers for it, and at best, earn the credit of being a grumbler.

We don't know that we ought to complain of the World, therefore, since by its little chean common places. tain story, and like all herces, handsome, intelligent, refined, generous, and brave. (O, if the world were only full of herces!) Here are Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs— coaler people who live like hugo, abuse their adopted child, and interest themselves deeply in the sufferings of the manacled slave. Here is Mary Hobbs—a delicate, spiritual little beauty, the heroine of this story

sequent excitement. Squire Bryan retires from the church, and subsequently quarrels with the minister. The village is divided in opinion. Miss Dickey is in a state of delight, and proceeds to organize the Carean African Aid Society. Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, dirty but

African Aid Society. Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, dirty but philanthropic persons, are especially active in the cause. Opponents arise. Strife is everywhere. Tumult reigns in Minden.

And now intelligence arrives that a fugitive slave will presently be forwarded to Minden, by the Under Ground Railroad. Far off his coming shines. The Carean Society makes ready for its prize. So does Miss Dickey for hers. Possessed by a spirit of mischief, Frank Stanton aids her scheme. It is proposed to give the Negro 'a public reception,' and treat him as a martyr. Miss Dickey therefore writes a poem, and other preparations are made in the same humanitarian apririt.

At last he comes - a coarse, ignorant, brutal negro.

sanoyance in Milden. The 'reception' being over, clerk there was a German, and I was safe for the might. Cear is quartered at the house of the Rev. Mr. Cary. Here he steals things, frightens the children, annoya I met Fenimore Cooper. After mutual recognition, hand-shakings, etc., Cooper asked me about this and hand-shakings, etc., Cooper asked me about this and the free property of the might be some the form among his European acwas monotonous, the Rev. Mr. Cary passes him over that prince, count, etc., from among his European acto the gushing Miss Dickey, under whose protection he lives for a time in clover; till at length he quarrels with her dog and kills her cat, whereupon he is immediately removed to the congenial society of Mr. and lic. My answer was that I came to America to earn

itherto given considerable indulgence to con-Grave difficulties now arise upon both sides. Frank,
—from whose father, by the way, the negro Crear
originally escaped,—is recalled to his Southern home,
for the furtherance of matrimonial schemes on the
part of the elder Stanton. Mary—whose foster-parents overs part without explanation, and black clouds

For The New York Saturday Press MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA. II.

NEW YORK

the more so as it was already the month of November We got a pilot, then several tow-boats came up, and had the first sight of sharp bargaining, in the negotia-tions between our captain and the tow-boat men—each underbidding the other.—

underbidding the other.—
The steerage-passengers appeared in groups on the deck, most of them, the women particularly, dressed out in their best Sunday-attire. I was simple enough to ask the reason; and the scornful answer was, 'We do not wish to be taken for beggars arriving in New York.' Indeed, unshaved and haggard, I myself looked not unlike one.

looked not unlike one.

Voyages were seldom favorite reading with me, and still less did I ever use guide-books. I went leisurely through Europe without any 'Murray' whatever, scarcely ever looking, even socidentally, into one. The books on America which I had read many years before, written by such authors as Alexander Everett, Lips, de Tocqueville, Beaumont, and my old friend Chevalier, had left in my mind only a general impression concerning the social and solitical condition of sion concerning the social and political condition of the Republic. Dickens's 'Martin Chusalewit' rather confused me; and so had Mrs. Trollope's productions, which I had once perused as a matter of conscience, having repeatedly met that authoress during my residence in Paris.

thoroughly ignorant as I was of Timbuctoo or Pekin.

My knowledge of the English language had been acquired exclusively from books, instead of by the ear, and I had had almost no practice in speaking it. In Europe I had not cultivated any acquaintance with Americans. Many years before, in 1839, as member of the official Committee of Emigration in France—chosen by the emigrants to facilitate relations between the Poles, the French government, and kindred committees—I had made the acquaintance of Fenimore Cooper, who was at the head of one of them, organized by the who was at the near of one of them, organized by the Americans in Paris. At that time I also met frequently a young American from Philadelphia, who—having been compelled to leave his country on account of a ducl—was very posor, though he bore it with a good face. He could generally be found, at about dinner-Not the gamblers in stocks, or in merchandize, or in religion, or even in penny-papers; but the gamblers, sometimes called, by way of elegant variety, and black-legs. These can be attacked not only with impunity, but with éclat.

Mayor Tremann made quite a reputation by attacking them; in fact, they and the street-walkers were his chief stock-in-trade, and the way he ground them into paint, and whitened the City Hall Sepulchre with them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular than the showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular than the showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular them, showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular than the showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular than the showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular than the showed as much skill as his shrewjest specular than the shrew two there she peace. The shade the cately shows the strength shrews an exclusive them the string on the strength sagnath the said the blood of your church be not required at your hands!

The human heart demands this influence; we take the strength and then the strength and the strength as factor to said the had the strength and the strength as a fine had just made a sumption, as if he had just made a sumption on the steps of the Cafe de Paris or the cafe dade fro them, showed as much skill as his shrewdest specular tion in putty.

Where are collected most of the characters. Here is found the political parson—Cary by name—much exertised in mind at the necessity of doing something for morality (and make money out of it) he cannot do better at any time than come out against either the gamblers or the street-walkers.

They are always fair game; whereas if he happens to come out against some sin which is practised by nearly the whole community—some system of political parson. Here is the conservative Squire whole community—some system of political parson. Here is the conservative Squire or commercial changing for commercial changing for commercial changing for expense of the street whole community—some system of political parson. who paraded ducal coronets whenever the police did not, as in London, interfere to prevent them. These were all the Americans whom I had known in Europe;

Towards evening we came to anchor. A custom house officer gave us permission to land, provided we left our trunks behind. Being a decided protectionist I found this very natural, although it clashed with the commonly-entertained idea of freedom, and thus wounded the feelings of some of my fellow-emigrants. I looked bewildered around me. No pier, no wharf, no conveyance! The Etherins was in the stream, sepacate, spiritual little beauty, the heroine of this story (they're always angels!), worthy to grace a poet's dream and be crowned with the immortality of a poet's passion. Here, in fact, are a great many people—all more or less interesting, and all more or less directly connected with the development of the story.

Into this community the apple of discord, in the shape of an Anti-Slavery sermon, is thrown by the Rev.

Mr. Cary. Other apples follow. There is great conline moved the piers, wharfs, etc., provided in Europe, this new mode of landing appeared vided in Europe, this new mode of landing appeared they in fact remained so for several days. I looked about me in despair, considering what to do. To one like myself, accustomed to the piers, wharfs, etc., pro-vided in Europe, this new mode of landing appeared baybarous, savage, and reckless. I looked about im-ploringly for aid, and for the first time heard the voice from Sinai uttering the great commandment for this life—' Help yourself, sir.' It came from Heaven—that is, from aloft. The voice was right. Everybody around was fully occupied with himself. I tried a few steps on the planks, but was obliged to sit down, and thus prevented others from passing. This and real compassion moved two good-natured Swiss to put me on my legs again, and to support me over the trem-bling plank. The whole occurrence, the ailing Swiss excepted, was my first bite of the bitter bread of pov

Supported by the Swiss I touched and saluted th soil sacred in my mind to liberty. A backman took hold of me and repeated what I supposed was the names of various hotels, with none of which I was familiar. My answer if understood by him, directed him And now is the time to begin, since the chapter of apparent in this moment there is a novel to take me to a good one. He drove off and delivered

the Rev. Mr. Cary passes him over that prince, count, etc., from among his European as

Ins. Hobbs.

Here, after so long delay, we come upon that ubiquikind advice, nay, even his protection, which I did not a sporting ground, 'the course of true love.' The claim and did not even think to ask from him. To-tics are Frank Stanton and Mary Hobbs, who have to the great astonishment of the clerk, Mr. Coope having been an habitue of long standing. I never af-terwards met Mr. F. Cooper, and never sought for, or even thought of him. Only years afterwards did I understand the meaning of his behavior. I understood when I became acquainted with a certain dark shadow part of the elder Stanton. Mary—whose foster-parents in human nature, a shadow which I had neither observed more discovered while in Europe, probably on account of my social rank there.

The length and crowded bustle of Broadway astor lower everywhere over the course.

From this point the story progresses rapidly to a close. Its current is simple and natural. It involves the tarring and feathering of Mr. Hobbs; the discomble the tarring and feathering of Mr. Hobbs; the discomble the tarring and feathering of Mr. Hobbs; the discomble the tarring and feathering of Mr. Hobbs; the discomble the force my staring gaze all the characteristics of one on the largest scale. I was almost frightened at the stream of people, and at the stereotyped eagerness and tarring and feathering of Mrs. For the first dismissal from the paternal relative, to whom, however, he is subsequently reconciled; the engagement of Frank and Mary, under Squire Bryan's protection; found the same uniform expression of face. The more was my first improvement of Mary's parentage; the sorrow of I walked and observed the more was my first improvement.

mous work aspeared in Germany in 1859, and made considerable noise in the political press. Its author-ship remained an enigma, and the public opinion of that time ascribed it to me. This first greeting in America, on account of the authorship of a book

most forgotten in Europe, really exalted me a little.

Most luckily for me, the two Prussian ministers to
Washington, the one about leaving America, and the
other going to his post, were in New York. To both I was recommended from Europe. Both received me warmly and kindly, and did at once what they considered necessary for my social recognition. Baron de G—gave me in trust, so to speak, to Dr. C—and to Hon. S— R— for further piloting across the shouls, etc., of New York.

shoans, etc., of New York.

Before deciding upon any further steps, I thought it
better to observe a little, and to learn to speak English;
this was likewise the advice of my European godfathers. I was to go to an American boardinghouse. There was one such just opposite the Globe Hotel; and thither I transported my few effects. The widow of a was.composed mostly of widows and merchanta' clerks, all of them in some way or other of broken fortunes. This I looked upon as a bad omen, and as I could have very little congenial intercourse with the rest of the boarders, even to practice my bad English, and beside as I could not get accustomed to the drill of eating meals in crowds, and to the hurried and rather promis meas in crowns, and to the nurried and state process chose way in which the process of feeding went on, I left the boardinghouse after a few weeks, and took rooms in what was then called up-town, at the corner of Broadway and Murray street, in order to enjoy my old European independent way.

The little sum of money I brought from Europe re-quired strict economy, and I was forced to put myself upon the smallest daily allowance. But certain inborn wants could not be so easily discarded. A large, airy. and comfortable room for my books and myself wa unavoidable. I concluded there was more comfort in that than in my fare. The latter was therefore to be reduced, and the first onslaught of poverty fell upon my alimentation. My breakfasts consisted of crackers and cold water darkened with the essence of coffee, an awful drug with which I had become acquainted through a bill posted up somewhere. For the other meal, corresponding to a dinner, I discovered a basement in Fulton Market, frequented by stevedores, sailors, etc. Such were my first steps in what would appear shabby gentility. In order to eat what the wa brough me, I shut my eyes and dined principally on brown sugar and bread. For almost the first time in my life I saw tobacco-chewing and its results on a large scale. To avoid the nauscons sight around me, I generally for mastication. So it went on for several days. Finally a good-natured tar approached me, and patting me in a friendly way on my shoulder, said: "Man, you are sick and downcast, come take a drink, it will cure you." I did not know the signification of 'a cure you." I did not know the signmention of drink, but not wishing to reject a good-natured sym

(From the New York ' Herald,' Aug 30 1

pathy, followed him to the table or bar-room, swal-lowed what he offered me, and shook him gratefully

by the hand, but never returned to Fulton Market.

ANOTHER ENGLISH PRINCE IN AMERICA. We gather from the Correio Mercantal, of Rio Janeiro particulars of the visit of Prince Alfred, the econd son of her Majesty Queen Victoria, to the Southern American continent, almost at the same time that his brother, the Prince of Wales, was dispensing

royal sunshine in the northern portion.

The Brazilians are a very quiet people, and a little nore accustomed to royalty than we of this more dem orgatic clime; and it may be on that account that his Royal Highness Prince Alfred did not cause any great tion that we know of, either among th commonon that we know or, evener among the newspa-per folks or their readers, when the frigate Euryalus entered the splendid bay of Rio on the 20th of last June. The Correio, in the next day's issue, announces her arrival in the most unsensational manner, as follows: Yesterday the English steam frigate Suryolus arrived, having on ward Prince Alfred, second son of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who s in the capacity of midshipman.

If a clam-boat had sunk, or any other vulgar occur-rence had taken place, they could not have shown less excitement or more stoical indifference. They don't ap-

We are next informed as follows:

the yesterday, the 20th, the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the tirand Chamberiain of the Imperial Falance went on board the frights to compliment and welcome the young Prince. At a quarter past five his Royal Highness haided at the Marine drawnia, accompanied by the Commander of the frigate, and was received by the English Minister. An imperial carriage was in waiting at the arrenal, in which he Highness, together with the Minister and commander, drove to N. Christopher.

What his Royal Highness was doing during the next couple of days we are not informed, and are simply left to imagine that he had a good time in the Palace of St. Christopher. A Sunday intervened, by the way, and it would be very gratifying to our pious feelings to know whether the young Prince went to church, or whether he profuned the day by whistling some national home-strain, or got homesick and cried, for even princes have feelings; but we shall perhaps never know. There is no one like our Jenkins, South of the

quator, clearly.

But his Highness reappears. We are told, in lan guage far cooler than the fabled cucumber, that 'his Highness Prince Alfred returned yesterday, July 3, from Petropolis, on board the frigate Euryalus, where he was visited at half-past one in the aftern Majesty the Emperor. At a quarter-past four o'clock (the Southern Jenkins is very accurate) the Em and Prince landed, and proceeded to the Palace of St. Christopher, where his Highness dined. The men bers of the Ministry were present. His Majesty and the Prince were accompanied by Mr. Christie and other members of the British Legation at this Court; Mr. Delamare, Commander of the Naval Station; the Captain and two midshipmen of the Euryolus; the Prince's preceptor, and Dr. Jacobina, Assistant Grand Chamber lain of the Imperial Palace. To-day, July 4, his Highness visited the Honse of Mercy and the Asylum of

We learn that the trighte will leave to morrow for the Cape of cool Hope.

The next day's Chronicle is equally brief

Her Britan any contourer is equally brief, square generals at seven o'clock in the morning (denkins had to rue early jills beine drove, in an imperial carriage, to the Paineira and Con ovarious Returning theore he processed to the Asylinn of San Poylon. In consequence of the long stay he made at the Asylon, he was unable to wort the Respirator of the Santa Gas.

The stay of the Santa Gas and the Santa Casa. In this contract which awaited him at the Marine Aresand. His Highness book with him on beard a quantity of flowers gathered during his morning's walk.

And finally, it is narrated, in two lines, that 'or Prince Alfred, sailed for the Cape of Good Hope. And so the Royal visit ended. There was no one to tell us what he wore, or how he looked; no one to measure his hands and feet, or tell us the length of his nose; whether he waltzed divinely or whether he

waltzed at all. In short, there was no Jenkins. Has py Prince! THE KIGHTH COMMANDMENT

of Frank and Mary, under Squire Bryan's protection; the discovery of Mary's parentage; the sorrow of the discovery of Mary's parentage; the sorrow of Dickey, set out in the cold; and the tribulation of the sion confirmed. After having spent the whole day in the demands for his own writings, he is strupulous to hung in effigy, and who finally departs to another, and, let us hope, a more peaceful region, in pursuit of phillanthropy and the rights of man.

From this reviewal of its incidents it may be perceived that the story of 'The Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of the Ebony Idol' is not destinated in the story of tate of interest. It is not, however, in any respect a rected to Dr. Herman Ludwig. His name he well however, the MS. was committed to the printers, Mr. remarkable novel. Its plot, though possible, is yet extrawagant, and is rather awkwardly developed. As an average picture of village-life in New England, it is who have newly arrived in New York. From the first the possibility of doing injustice to Moses! But still

average picture of village-life in New England, it is who have newly arrived in New York. From the first not altogether truthful. But its characters are clearly hour of our acquaintance to his last breath, he showed drawn, its purpose is commendable, and its style is good. Concerning the Slavery Question, to which mainly it relates, there is—as everybody has just now an opportunity of knowing—a great deal to be said on both sides, by people who care to say it. We have no to my ears, and I confess, with the hope of bating-formany, because the subject; but we incline given for vanity, very flattering. The above anony.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. I take my pen in hand, as the young ladies say—as if the pen were usually carried between the toes, which in case of certain unlucky soldiers it sometimes

heist that I shall enliven that dull sheet, every week with a Dramatic Feuilleton, whether I have anything orneral, I very rarely have as you must have found out ong ago though I don't suppose you care much about t and it wouldn't make any difference that I know of if you did which may be a rather disrespectful way of putting it and in that case I take it all back and go ight on just as if I hadn't said it and we were just as good friends as ever as I hope we are, not so much for my sake as yours which makes all the difference imag-

who will weave the most delicate and graceful web in the world out of nothing (like a spider), I could take the dramatic doings of this last week, and make a story out of them that would entertain you as much ton Recorder (which is really very funny), on infant

But then, I am neither clever nor witty, and so must out then, I am neither dever nor witty, and so must do the best I can, or lose my place,—which is some-thing too dreadful to think of, especially just now when the opera-season is setting in, and there will be topics and to spare, or Maretzek and Ulman (whose name, by the way, I could never spell) are not the

nen I take them for.

The topic which has interested me most this week is the accident that happened the other day to DOLLY DAVENPORT, and of which I spoke last week—not

knowing how serious it was-rather lightly.

Poor fellow, he writes that grateful as he would be for the wooden arm I so kindly offered to get up for him, he was much more likely, at the time, to be in need of a wooden leg, though happily that danger is now past, and, new accidents excepted, he will be about again in a few weeks, sound in wind and limb, and ready, General, to receive your congratulations which I trust will be offered to him in a very solid form.

My other invalid—Thomas Handon— is now almost well, and is doing so much better than could be exight the protect of that Peoria, Penobscot, Braintown, etc., when they see him go through his perilous performances. him, he was sauch more likely, at the time, to be in

they see him go through his perilous performances every night, at Nixon's, lancy that falling forty feet m the ceiling is as common and as trifling an affair

as falling from grace.

I never tried either, myself, so I don't know; but if the alternative were offered me, I should certainly have the alternative were offered me, I should certainly have the fact that our discovery is, to use the words of Mr. Toots, 'of no consequence,' and if there was less evidence that one or two Chess-editors made it before us, but did not think it worth mentioning. We have discovered that there is a Chess-column in the fact that our discovered that there is a Chess-column in the fact that our discoverer's elation, if it was not for the fact that our discoverer's elation, if it was not fact that our discoverer's elation fact that the fact that our discover

And, speaking of invalids, I came near having another one on my list last week in the person of M'lle but does not seem to be any too well published, in the Zoyara, who fell backwards from her horse (which shied at one of Jo Pentland's jokes), and came down to the at one of Jo Pentland's jokes), and came down to the at one of Jo Pentland's jokes), and came down to the ground, as it seemed to me, with force enough to break yet we are the first, we believe, to inform the Chess-

ber spine.

But I believe these circus people don't have any public of its existence. There is a Stone at the head of it; and it is evidently an imposing-stone, notwith-spines. I'm certain the Hanlons haven't, and as for standing the fact that the column has been set up not standing the fact that the column has been set up not spines. I'm certain the Hanlons haven't, and as for Zoyara, everything is doubtful about her, even her sex, though I have my own notions on that point, which I wouldn't change even on a certificate from the College of Surgeons.

standing the fact that the column has been set up not upon but under it. For this Stone was guilty, not long since, of impasing upon its readers by placing before them fabricated evidence—purporting to be that of Mr. Edge—in the case of Morphy versus Deacon.

of Mr. Edge—in the case of Morphy versus Deacon.

At the time we expect this honest proceeding, we did not know that for originated with a regular Chessewithout altering her whole nature, before she was on column. her horse again, and going through a series of feats which surprised Pentland so much that he kept his

Department feels called upon to get mad at ours. This fact would be a little more interesting if Puracu did not have such an evident dislike for being either lively, original, or sensible. As he is simply heavy, there can be no particular amusement in picking him up and holding him until your arm grows tired. Dr. Winship is the only one we know of who is fond enough of dead weight to take Puracu in hand. We can get some little entertainment in a quarrel with ARTHMANUM CF. FX.Wins..uman; but the inducements to carry on a be till next week, when PATTI will once more be the know enough about music to prevent his enjoying it-

and as for the Curriculum, my distinct or induction to be used to generally (please always except the gentlemanly Hanlons, when I speak of them) is so great, that their performances fail to interest me; while in respect to Miss Coombs, she is so awfully genteel and respectable

Yours as much as anybody's, QUELQU'UN.

my particular favorites is making quite a semanton out West.

Didn't I tell you so:

The sixend appearance of this collected juvenily, the properties of the collected juvenily profession of the co

Chees Column

The New York Saturday Pres

ALA

14

À

a b c d e f g

We have made a discovery. And we should feel comething of a discoverer's elation, if it was not for

As the Erpres has some constitutional and other lit-

tle disagreements with the Saturday Press, its Chess Department feels called upon to get mad at ours. This

or Ex-Wise-Head; but the inducements to carry on a contest with this new-found geological specimen, are much too small. Not to be too disobliging, however,

We have seen but a single number of the Expres

PROBLEM No. 44 By FREDERICK LEARS, of Troy, N. Y.

and sent them to the Knickerbecker Magazins, as I had a perfect right to do. Four or five days before the September number of the Allantic was issued, I aaw 'The Song of Fatima' advertised in the list of contents. immediately wrote to my friend, Mr. Clarke, but was too late to prevent him publishing the song in his Sep-tember number, though in time to have the title omitted in his table of original contributions. The consequence was "The Song of Fatima" and 'The Song of Abbassa'.—'substantially the same poem,' as you hap-pily remark,—appeared at the same time, one in the Atlantic and the other in the Knickerbocker. Not at all a satisfactory arrangement to me, however refreshing to you, since I can draw a check neither on Mr. Clarke

to you, since I can draw a check neither on Mr. Clarke inpr on Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

In reply to your tender inquiry as to which of the versions is my favorite, I would say: The one read last, reading the two poems in any order you please.

With many thanks I am very truly yours,
T. B. ALDRICH. Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 28, 1860.

An alarming pyschological fact is revealed in the report just published in England, of the Select Committee on Lunatics. Not only is insanity declared to be on the increase, but one person at least out of every 600, in England and Wales, is incompetent to manage his own affairs. Various asultary amendments of the law are suggested, particularly with reference to private asylums. Indeed, the examination at Bow street seems to show that not merely private, but public asylums require the most vigilant supervision of the authorities, and the Press. Medical certificates, the Committee are of opinion, should be verified before a magistrate, and limited to three months, instead of being granted, as is now the case, for an indefinite period. Many other suggestions for the protection of patients, and the more efficient management of asylums, are also made.

We clip the above from an English paper. The re-port of the Select Committee is probably of no more value than such governmental reports usually are. It may be, however, that the Committee arrived at such tartling conclusions because it was partly or entirel comprised of the lunatics who they suggest are lying cound lowe and unrecognised in English society.

— We take pleasure in calling attention to the ad extisement of Messrs. John Hooper & Co., Advertising Agents, of whom we can say, from personal experi that their business is conducted with great fidelitthat their business is conducted with great fidelity and promptness, and in such a manner as to be of serious advantage—especially in point of economy—to all parties. There are so many irresponsible persons en-gaged in the same business, that we feel justified in de-parting from our usual rule and recommending the firm in reference as one which can, in every be depended upon.

con proverbial since Jeffreys and Elden gave the tone their proceedings. The late muscle-mania seems, owever, to have attacked even the fogies of the

We have seen but a single number of the Errors been proverbial since Jeffreys and Eiden gave the tone contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, are combs at Wallack's?

Pray, what would you have me say?

I went once to see Anderson, and told you what I went once to see Anderson, and told you what I went once to see Anderson, and told you what I thought of him and his long-winded things, last week and as for the Curriculum, my dislike for muscular fellows generally (please always except the gentlemanly Hanlons, when I speak of them) is so great, that their performances fail to interest me; while in respect to have all thome. He invested the game with stributes which are generally supposed to belong to the player. Him her style of acting, that after seeing her it requires a week of Mrs. Wood to restore me to my natural state of mind.

We have seen but a single number of the Errors to their proceedings. The late numcle manha seems, however, to have attacked even the fogles of the Errors are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contributed by a pair of scissors. In the fifth, prayer and Headen are contrib Miss Coombs, she is so awfully genteel and respectable in her style of acting, that after seeing her it requires a week of Mrs. Wood to restore me to my natural state of mind.

And a week of Mrs. Wood is not always to be had. The lady who acted in 'Our American Cousin' under that name, is to my seeming quite another person. I must have the generife original Mrs. Wood, or no thing: and as I am not likely to have her for a long time, I decline to see Miss Coombs, and beg to sign myself.

He finds, or expects to find, 'urbanity and good-breeding' in the courtesies practised by Chess!'

Somebody has said—or if somebody hasn't said, we will now say—that no one is ever so low down in the world as not to have some person or thing still lower down looking up to him. Thus there are imitators of the chief judge, the Sheriff read an apology in court, when Judge Black-burn took the opportunity, however, to administer a finance of the chief judge, the Sheriff read an apology in court, when Judge Black-burn took the opportunity, however, to administer a finance of the chief judge, the sheriff person or thing still lower down looking up to him. Thus there are imitators of the chief judge, the Thomas copies Jenkins. The great Koward geta caught in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himself by crying out, 'piti-like in a corner, and defends himse

ful trickster, 'musty rogue,' and 'frivolous noodle.'
His Philadelphian imitator misbehaves, and upon being ma - We clip the following item of exquisite misinfor-nation from that organ of Mammon and Madam Grun-

called to an account, vindicates himself by the words 'vagabond,' 'scamp,' and 'blackleg.' Parars gives a little bit of false testimony, and when exposed clears himself by saying, 'bully,' 'dog-fighter,' and 'rat-' in Comus, and is modelled after the similar marbis states to the control of the control of

In a recent Tournament at the Vienna Chem Club, the first prise was gained by Herr Hampe, and the second by Herr Steinitz.

There is now a Chees Club in Bucharest, the capital of Valachia. Its president is named Weist, and it meets in the Café Concordia.

The annual meeting of the British Chem Amociation was to have been held at Cambridge on the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of August. There was to be a tournament between sixteen players, and a number of matches between Clubs.

ABBASSA' OR "FATIMA"
To the Edite of The Servency Passe.

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To the Edite of The Servency Passe.

"ABBASSA' OR "FATIMA"
The Senge of Patima." It took the corresponding clerk of Phillips, Sampson & Co. sit months to acknowledge the receipt of my note, when he graciously informibed me that the MS. had been lost! In the meantime the firm failed, and the magazine passed into the hands of its present publishers, who, I am free to say, treat an author as if he were a responsible humans being. I waited six months to acknowledge, the receipt of my note, when he graciously informibed me that the MS. had been lost! In the meantime the firm failed, and the magazine passed into the hands of its present publishers, who, I am free to say, treat an author as if he were a responsible humans here is the key of content. I then rewrote the veraes, being prone to

"Add and alter many times Till all he ripe and rotten," and sense them to the Knickrobecker Maparisa, as I had a perfect right to do. Four or five days before

- It is announced that the Rev. Patrick Bronté, father of Charlotte Bronté, has retired from the active duties of his profession, by reason of age and infimity.

He presched his last sermon in Haworth church, on Sunday, the 22nd of July. His successor is the Rev.

Mr. Nicholl.

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From the ladependent, Aug. 30 1 THE SWORD OF CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI.

When Victor Emanuel, the King, Went down to his Lucas that day. The people, each vanting the thing As he gave it, gave all things away. In a burst of herce gratitude, say. As they tone out their hearts for the King

Gave the green forest-walk on the wall.
With the Apennine blue through the trees
Gave palaces, chur hes, and all
The great pictures which burn out of these
But the eyes of the Kinz seemed to freeze
As he glanced upon redling and wall

'Good,' said the King as he past.
Was he cold to the arts? or else coy
To possession? or crossed at the last,
Whispered some, by the vote in Savoy
Shout!—love him enough for his joy'.
Good,' said the King as he past.

He, travelling the whole day through flower-And protesting amenities, found. At Pistola, betwitt the two showers a Of red roses, 'the Orphano', trenowned - As the heirs of Paorinis who wound with a sword through the crowd and the flower

Tis the sworl of Castruccio, O King 'In old strife of intestinal hate 'Very famous - Accept what we bring, We, who cannot be sone by our fate, Rendered citizens by thee of liste And endowed with a country and King

Read - Poccini has willed that this sword (Which once made in an ignorant feud Many cophans: remain in our ward Till some patriot its pure civic blood Wipe away in the focks, and make good, in delivering the land by the sword

Then the King exclaimed. This is for me "And he dashed out his sword on the hilt." While his blue eye shot fire openly And bis heart overboiled till it split. A hot prayer,—"God, the rest as thou wilt But grant me this!—this is for me."

O Victor Emanuel, the King,
The sword be for thee, and the deed,
And nought for the alien, next Spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agre
But, for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us. our King!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Written for The New York Saturday Press

THEY MEANT NO HARM.

BY ANNIE BREWSTER

The sun was fast approaching the edge of the Jura, one fine June afternoon, as L'Hirondelle swept into the crescent-shaped port of Duchy, the wharf-suburb of Lausanne. Among the passengers who stepped aboard the boat, were two handsome young English girls, whose graceful ease of manner, and clear, frank, inde-pendence of look and walk, gave evidence of culture and elegant social surrounding

had taken a sudden freak to pay a visit to a young friend who was residing in one of the towns at the head of the lake, and the absence of a would-be-strict chaperonne Aunt, on a shopping excursion to Geneva, had given them a chance to do it unattended. untrammelled, by the irksome presence of a dame de compagnie, or valet.

There was, however, a great difference in the ap-earance of the two girls, and this showed itself as much in their style of dress, as in their looks. One. who seemed to be the elder, appeared to be willing to risk everything in the name of taste, to gratify what amounted almost to an appetite for ornament and gay colors. There was semething bizarre, and a little melodramatic in her picturesque costume, which, it nust be confessed, -although she did not know it, sentait un peu le theatre.' But there was an innate gracefulness about her, an artistic originality, which kept from her all taint of vulgarity, although her ollette was a little too exaggerated for a lady.

The dress of the other was, on the contrary, scru-pulously submissive to fashion; very rich and elegant, but exceedingly comme il faut; indeed too much so, as, while her sister's escaped being vulgar, hers did not avoid being bourgeoise; she resembled everybody too much. The strong, masterful character of her aister evidently controlled her, although the spirit of adventure seemed to be a little innate also, for her pretty blue eye danced with merriment, and her mobile mouth curled and laughed as if she were saying.

Independent, and quite accustomed to the thing as they wished to appear, they were so embarrassed on entering the boat, as to mistake aft for forward; and yet it might not have been so much embarrassment. as a desire to be alone in their new element. A few peasant-women with hottes of vegetables, and a traveller—who sate with sketching-book open on his knee, an unlashed knapsack and lorguette-case lying beside him, probably a German artist, professional or ama-

The younger girl first observed their mistake natter," said the elder with a true Vaudois shrug of the shoulders. "All the better. So much the more fun, as Tom says, 'more of a lark in it."

Farmer the more fun, as Tom says, 'more of a lark in it."

Fancy how horrified Ernest and Madame ma tante

you talk of my cold. Ernest, I'll stop at the next tanking and take the omnibus base to Lausanne; then you boat at Villeneuve, and tramped up to the railway office, be muttered between his teeth. "I wonder who it welve month. What harm is there, polironne? I am twelve month. What harm is there, polironne? I am twelve month. What harm is there, polironne? I am the months are the muttered between his teeth. "I wonder who id is flirting with?" little while, and to give the Southern blood my mother left me a little chance to circulate freely, and, ah ! she added, throwing her beautiful head erect, and expanding her fine, large chest, as she drew in a long child sickly. rigorous breath, "Comme elle sent bonne, cette liberte!

chiefly in English, and fancied themselves thereby enclosed in a safe shell, he perfectly understood their you know you would not see such beauty in it. You man princess as tender and lovely looking as About's tongue, and enjoyed their playful innocent freedom.

Tolla, and a regal Russian Duchess, one or two Amcontinued in the same style, as they walked to and fro in front of him. They discussed in a lively manner a concert Liszt had given the night before him steal your delicious petite maitresse sarcasms, so ne, from the intexication of which musical you sha'n't rob him." draught neither girl had evidently yet recovered, and defended her own views in such an artistic intelligent mas, who stood within call. defended her own views in such an artistic intelligent man, who stood within call.

"As I live, Octavie, there is that tiresome tierman stream out their witch-like plain-song in still shriller tones, we met on the lake-boat three years ago at Lausanne, some striking the key-note of the Symphony, while She was what Hene calls himself. A sunsay that had we met on the lake-boat three years ago at Lausanne, when you lost Ernest's ring.

when you lost Ernest's ring.

when you lost Ernest's ring.

No!—so it is. I wonder if he found that ring grotesque harmony with the scholarly composition of the classic maestro, reminding one of the demon sup of from unconsciousness and ingenuousness, as are

when you lost Ernest's ring.

No!—so it is. I wonder if he found that ring grotesque harmony with the scholarly composition of the classic maestro, reminding one of the demon sup porters to old altars, or the impish gargorle heads or sed from unconsciousness and ingenuousness, as are most men. He determined to contrive some way of speaking to them, and managed as they were approaching him, to let fall at their feet his sketching-book and portsfeuille, scattering his really fine sketches far and wide, and while doing so, adroitly succeeded in catching his really fine sketches far and wide, and while doing so, adroitly succeeded in catching his really fine sketches far and wide. The fine of all that's prudent, Octavie, do not speak to him. I entreat of you."

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear: I have not the gutter-spouts of some superbould cathedral. While each one was intent on gazing, a curtain next to Octavie was lifted gently, and some church dignitary entered, with a gentleman who took his stand so noiselessly that no one but Octavie saw him. As she

the corner of Octavie's costly, unsuitable camel's hair or could comprehend the affair: he would bother him looked up at the pew-comer, her eyes met those of her SPEECH OF ARTEMAS WARD, M.W.G., F.S.M., that never was revealed. It is the great simbell of

ings, while he assured them, with more truth that have taken the madeap trip, and therefore never loss such assurances generally contain, that they were not the cause; it was his own carelesaness entirely, and entreated of them not to give themselves so much trouble about a mere trifle. The glorious golden light of the now the trouble is all over, I don't care anything setting sun illuminated the whole beattr and gave a about it; though we did have a bother about that ring.

seizing one, "our own lovely Capri; look, Fan! and this, Camaldoli as I live! with its rich chestnut foliage; " Octavie," whispered the other in a cautioning tone

as she saw her impulsive sister about to seat herself and turn over the contents of the artist's portefeuille, while he pretended to be entirely occupied in searching e stray leaves near the guards of the boat.

nsense!" answered Octavie, "I shall never se

man accustomed to the outside world, and an easy courtesy derived from cultivated associations, enter-ed into conversation with the two girls. They turned over the sketches together, and compared memories of places they had both seen; the delighted German gave, graphic descriptions, and Octavie added her poesy and pretty vague romance to the talk. One might have supposed they had been friends from infancy, and

never should meet again.

man and were carrying it off rapidly. He sprang up and followed them, to tell them of their mistake. occupied some minutes, and when he returned to his twilight, waved from a boat that was fast rowing to way. the shore,—for the bize was too strong for the steamer to go up to the wharf-told him plainly what had be-

late; already the boat was cutting swiftly through 'the massy waters' that dash up against 'the isolated rock of Chillon.' He tapped his foot with vexation, and felt like one suddenly awakened from a curious, delightful dream, bewildered and a little out of humor at the awakening. After a few moments be coped to shut up the open sketch-book and porte feuille, saying to himself with a laugh,

" I verily believe I have had a raptus, and imagined the whole thing."

en Octavie playing with while talking. "A pretty tangible proof at all events, although none the less a raptus," he continued, as he examined the soft kid glove of the girl.

" It's not a little band," he said, spreading it out to to it readily; but it is one of those 'heroic hands Guiseppe Vitelli raves over, and is always sculpturing She might have Roman blood in her too, for her gait

and form and face are quite of that type." As he smoothed out the really well-sized fingers of the straw-colored glove on his palm, a little courteo ly and tenderly, as if it might have been the lady's own hand, he felt something hard in the third finger shook the glove carefully, and out rolled a ring, which had evidently slipped from the finger when the glove

"Aha!" cried he as he took it to the lamp at the wheel to examine it. It was a Mexican ring of curious workmanship; a plaited cord of gold, which had on its top two hands clasped over a diamond, and a fine ruby glittered in the gold wrist of each hand. While exam ining the pretty jewel he pressed one of the rubies un consciously, the ring flew apart, disclosing an inner on on which, directly under the clasped hands, was a little gold heart surmounted by the diamond. On looking at it more closely, he saw that there was an inscription engraved on it, and by the aid of the flower magnifying

Octavie - Jan. 1, 18 -"Humph! a betrothal ring evidently," he mutter in a dissatisfied, piqued tone, just as if he had not also exchanged betrothal rings with the pretty Ida whose little band he had talked of, and had surely no right to be dissatisfied at finding out that the captivating Octavie, like himself, was also verlobt, nor even to be giving any delicious dreamy thoughts, however vague and unmeaning, to the charming, little, romantic episode in his journey: But there was the ring, and still worse the memory of the affair; for human nature is human nature, even when it does not mean any harm.

sched knapsack and lorgnette-case lying beside robaby a German artist, professional or ama-were the only passengers in that part of the net, which was deposited in a still slyer little vest pock-net, which was deposited in a still slyer little vest pockon nestling there

Then be clasped his portefeuille together with a jerk amiable, or would be, if they knew of our travelling alone and en paysanne," added the younger with a frolicome laugh.

"Petite ingrate, tais toi!" exclaimed the elder, "If you talk of my cold, Ernest, I'll stop at the next land wasted enough time on stuff and nonsense; lighted his merrschaum, and, as he stepped testile off the

But, Octavie, the Virgin looks mawkish and the

"No such thing, Fan! you are a heathen, and have Who is it dares to say that liberty is not a fruit of no more taste than Ernest, who considers himself such the fluid every part of the grand old church; it was a warm climates? It is an untruth; for I believe individual liberty only buds and blooms to perfection in not mawkish, and the child-Lord sad. See, how cunningly she is trying to coax that solemn little face to "O comme tu es sunnyéuse with your philosophizing. laugh, by filliping his under-lip with her pretty third mignonne!" interrupted the other with a playful petu-lance that was excessively becoming to her, "just so you spoiled Liszt's delicious Chopin-Nocturne last. Its one of the loveliest things in this whole Musée Bor-

" Now, Octavie, if that picture was not a Parmegia

"Stop, Fan, this instant, and be original when you

some gentlemen entered the gallery, and the ladies and every neck was stretched forward to see Cardina one 'Octavie,' as the younger one called her, drew nearer their valet, a regular English 'John Tumber own views in such an artistic lated her.

Bournous, in such a manner as to make it appear that she had been the cause.

"Mille pardons!" cried Octavie, and she and her ring gave us: for I always blamed myself about it. sister hastened to help the artist gather up his drawlings, while he assured them, with more truth than have taken the madcap trip, and therefore never lost

ed studies among the col- did we not And that clever old Brogniart of Geneva how nicely he managed! Do you remember the day he asked Ernest to let him look at his ring, when we were in his shop, and said—the naughty old fibber that he was—when Ernest told him he did not wish the ring initated, that it would be quite impossible to copy it? and how his sir little black eyes glittered with triumph at me all the while, as scrious as an old monkey?—And then in a fortnight after he had one ready for me—the perfect facsimile of Ernest's. And do you remember the cut finger I had to pretend to have, so as to avoid annoying Ernest by telling him of the loss of my ring on his putting on the ring after the pretended ill finger got well? Well, it was a naughty little piece of hyporrisy, Fan, and one I should hate to live with, but for dear Ernest's perfect want of comprehension of real life. "Presently, when you arise, drop your handker-chief," he continued, "that I may, when I hand it back to you, give you, unseen, the precious little ring, which I found in the glove you left by chance on my life."

"Who! Ernest?" She turned with a quick move

ment, and faced, full front, the German.

Nature was stronger than culture; and as the rich they thenselves even forgot that they were strangers:

blood mounted to her cheek, she was just on the point
it was as if they had suddenly metafter a separation of
an existence's duration, and were living over past
self. A gentleman entered the salle and came up to dies ; the carriage waits below."

the state of the carriage waits below.

The beat stopped at Vevey, landed passengers, started again, swept by the pretty, little half ruin of La clear, sharp, eagle outline; eyes like steel; and a firm Tour-de Peilz, with its nodding Lombardy poplars, all mouth, whose thin, unclastic lips, seemed to taste and Tour-de Pellz, with its nodding Lombardy poplars, all mouth, whose thin, unclastic lips, seemed to taste and unnoticed by these three happy young people. At Montrueux, some boat-hands came near them, to remove a lot of luggage deposited near their bench, and in doing so, seized a box which belonged to the Germale a proud man'; and if he was 'Ernest,' the slightest observer looking at him might have easily marvelled at the contrast The explanation and putting of the box in a safe place and perfectly understood, without one single word of explanation, why she should not wish to tell him seat, he found his charming companions gone, while a handkerchief which he could just see in the deepening in the slightest degree from his own high aristocrasi

They left the salle, and the tantalized German store for a few minutes as if riveted to the ground. Sudden ly coming to his senses, he hurried out by the same door the English party had taken. He reached the entrance of the grand vestibule of the Musée, just in time to see the whole party drive off in an open curriage, which swept around the corner, and was soon riage, which swept around the corner, and was soon lost in the crowd that throngs that great street-artery

As he turned back to reenter the building, he jostled against some one; it was the valet whom he had noticed as being in attendance on the ladies in the Gal-lery; and who had been busily engaged in examining Something fell at his feet; it was a glove, he had. Tumnus, nearly knocked off his heels by the impetu ons German's quick movement, was so bewildered that he thought it had been his own fault, and com-

that he thought it had been his own hault, and com-menced applogizing very civilly, which emboldened the German to commit an indiscretion.

"It's of no consequence, my good fellow," he said with a hearty laugh: then slipping a pisater into the man's hand, added, "Oblige me by telling me the names of the ladies you were in waiting on, up stairs— very handsuper women!" very handsome women! ' Is it my mistress, sir, and her sister?" asked the

"I suppose so," replied the German. "Pray what

'Unarble Mrs. Grum and Miss Flum," said the ser vant, with the amusing unmistakable pronunctation of a cockney 'John Tummus,' so ridiculously filled with elisions and contractions; for his words tra into clearly pronounced English, should have bee 'Honorable Mrs. Graham and Miss Folham.'

"Humph," grumbled the German as he me slowly the broad stone staircase, and then stopping for an instant, looking up at one of the beautiful Greek Danzatrice standing there, without thinking of the charming statue. 'Humph! Grum!—and Flum!! Two pretty names to be sure, to get up a romance The impertinent flunkey meant to quiz me, I

"Gaspard! here's your mail, my good fellow," cried out a young man from the upper landing place. "have been hunting you everywhere to give it you, for I saw among the letters that one of Ida's you have how anxious you were to hear from her, I put then all in my pocket and brought them to you."

It's very provoking to be sure, that one's deare

blessings in this world always come at the very mo-ment they are the least valued. Human nature is, a strange animal

The fine old church of Santa Chiara was crowded with people. It was the Spring festival of San Janu The High altar, of precious marble, and lapislazuli inlayings, was superbly draped in crimson velvet, whose rich folds hung down beside and around A stray sunbeam falling on the richly jewelled mitre and gorgeous necklaces and crosses decorating the bust broke into as many dazzling fragments of light as the four thousand rubies, sapphires, and diamonds there collected could make.

To the left of the altar-railing, old peasant w looking like the witches in Macbeth, stood chanting their wild invocation. The imposing procession of the five and forty silver statues of saints, each one on its gilt stand, carried by golden rails on the shoulders of large Basilica, and after a gracious obeisance to the saint, swept grandly around and moved down the other side of the church, leaving ample room in the centr of the building for the immense crowd of spectato

Glorious music poured out, filling with its rich sub self in person

Behind the high altar, between it and the great mediaval treasures of the church,—Masaccio's monuments of Robert the Wise, and the fine old tor lance that was excessively becoming to her, "just alone of the loveliest things in this whole Musée Borson spoiled Listt's delicious Chopin-Nocturne last anight, by making me think, when I wanted only to enjoy."

The German who had observed them the first more tin my dressing-room to tell me how liappy I really the placed there on account of the first more tin my dressing-room to tell me how liappy I really the placed there on account of the grand religious they could there command of the grand religious the grand gran pageant that was sweeping like a vision before them.

The Pope's Nuncio was there, with a pretty young Ro

'Tolla,' and a regal Russian Duchess, one or two Am bassadresses, a graceful German Comtesse full of naive unconscious coquetry, and Octavie and her sister, wi gentlemen. The music pealed out still more grandly and every neck was stretched forward to see Cardina

German acquaintance of the Swiss steamer. The place was not light enough to show her change of color; but she felt it, and so did Gaspard, without seging it. He noticed instantly that she did not intend to recognize him. A few minutes after, she sat down in a chair that was a little apart from the rest, while her hand-

rious. The chance was too tempting for Gaspard to lose. He knelt down behind her chair as if overcome with his devotional feelings—the wicked fellow —and

"You may think me indiscreet and, may be, pre-sumptions. I am not, I assure you: I only wish restore to you, in some prudent way, your property.
"Do not feel annoyed, I entreat of you," for he noticed by the shaking of her chair that she was trembling with nervous agitation, although not by a word or look did she show that she heard or saw him.

After a moment or so of apparent reverential gazing into the church, Gaspard resumed his pretended devo-

now, let me say Adleu forever, and also let me hop that in the future, you will feel able to remembe without any fear of annoyance, as a pleasant little incident in your life, the happiest moments of mine. Perfidious Gaspard! O, these men!

A shriller shrick burst from the old women. symphony pealed out in strange dissonances, and a and egotistical speech of our order to-day discordant passage for the wind-instruments followed.

This world is all a flecting show. reminding one of the weird incantation-scene in Weber's Der Freyschutz. The devout Cardinal Sforza raised his fine, pure eyes and uplifted hands to heaven, recit-ing the Litanies in concert with his clergy, with reloubled fervor. Suddenly a cannon thundered forth,the sacred vials were held aloft in the air, - the miracle was accomplished, and there arose from that swaying, surging multitude, a peal of thanksgiving, that min-gled with the wild melody of the finale of the Symshony and made an atmosphere of excitement, be

Octavie sprang to her feet, and seizing Ernest's arm buried her glowing face on his shoulder. The cool, impassive Englishman turned and looked at her with smile that was meant for forbearance and patience,

"Aw! yes, yes, decidedly fine, the whole affair ts one of the best things they do here in Naples, and ertainly better gotten up this time, than ever I have en it done before! Immensely clever they are at hese sort of things!

Then putting his arm around Octavic's waist with a cool air of property, right, and possession, that made (Jaspard shiver and tremble from head to foot with

rage, said as if speaking to a spoiled petted child,
"Stand here, you silly girl, do not be so nervous
look at Fan, she bears it like a general in command." andkerchief by on the marble floor at Gaspard's feet No one saw it at all events, and Gaspard after waiting a second, stooped and picked it up. He tied the ring n one corner of the costly little web, and held it in his hand, with a strange sensation creeping through every fibre of his being, a sort of said lingering tender ess, as if taking leave forever of some treasured mem

ory, or most precious possession of his life.

The military band with their noisy drums commenced, for the Symphony had ended with the comeletion of the miracle. The cardinal and his clerge prepared to leave the high altar, and the dense mas of human beings thropging the Basilica, grew more and more excited. The company assembled in the altar-recess also prepared to leave, that they might reach n the church-close, before the crowe

As Octavie was about passing under the drapery of he door leaning on her husband's arm, Gaspard stepped up to her with the tone and look of a perfect

stranger, saying,
"Beg pardon, Madam—is not this your handker chief? I think I saw you drop it."

She received it from him with a silence that Erne

highly commended afterwards, and as Gaspard held side the velvet curtain he bowed with a quiet reveren tial dignity to her, and again they parted. But the handkerchief only held the ring! Nothing else, on Gaspard's honor as a gentleman !- No note-Not even the glove. Of course that wa ost long ago : and that odd straw-colored kid one Ida once found, neatly folded, and put away carefully in the pocket of a carnet, and wondered at his desire to have it left there, was what he said it was, surely, 'an odd one of his own.' Innocent little Ida! the glove

of what he said. And probably it was his; certainly in one sense it was—possession. It's very uncharitable to suppose otherwise, and I for one shall not encourage anybody in entertaining ill-natured suspicions of such a proper husband as Gaspard Grossmith

The steamer bell was ringing violently and passengers were hurrying aboard and ashore, one cold Au-tumn afternoon at a little stopping-place on the Rhine. Union! Four people were hustled most unceremoniously to-gether, in the anxious crowd, which jostling did not four. One, a little German woman, whose lake was been considered by the impatient petulance that was flashing in her rich violet eyes, and lance that was flashing in her rich violet eyes, and iance that was flashing in her rich violet eyes, and pouting the lips of her provokingly pretty mouth; she history of this institution before dinner will be ready

did know any one so irritatingly slow as you are."

The other, evidently the husband of a handsome, large, indolent-looking woman, himself a fine, proud, cimbells. That fleshy brother than, with the red so by the same impatient little demon that was annoying the pretty little German Frau. He exclaimed in a table will be a reality. harp tone, knitting his stern eyebrows,

"I wish, madam, it would please you to be a little The boat will push off before we are aboard. Here! this way, Octavie! For God's sake do make The best bred people will forget themselves one

in-awhile when they are provoked; that we all know. Yes, the two delinquents were Octavie and Gaspard. They had not seen each other for years, not since the nstantly, and they stood still and gazed at each other for one moment, totally forgetful of everything, even of their truly better halves. Octavie's husband, with a haste that was only saved from being rude by his anate elegance, which even ill temper could not destroy, took her by the arm and lifted her almost bodily staid there forever, and as she passed away from before his eyes, Gaspard allowed the crowd and his annoyed in this life

> | Written for The New York Saturday Press SILENCE MEANS CONSENT.

Nellie and I were sitting, one day, Down in the oak tree's shade : No one was there but the birds, and I, And the little blue-eyed maid

'Sav. Nell, is it true.' I whispered soft. Nell hughed, and said she guessed 'twas that

I asked to give some one a kiss There in the oak tree's shade What reply do you think came back ? Never a word was said !

D. J. Topp

At the Great Show Exhibition, at Baldwinsville, Indiana, June 24, in the Year of Grace, 1869, and delivered again in Muncietown, by expecial request, a few days after.

that was a little apart from the rest, while her many that was a little apart from the rest, while her many that was a little apart from the rest, while her many to see the show and then go home: of all this vast on seeing the whole scene, which was as artistic as currently that surrounds you. I alone am selected to welcome you to this gathering, and make the show speech come you to this gathering, and make the show speech come you to this gathering.

behalf of our time-honored institution, to exclaim: All hail!—Jachin and Boaz, Beauty and Strength, Hiram Abiff, the widow's son! Selah!

And now let me pronounce this proud privelege the most prophetic, promulgating, prolific and pre-poster-ous moment of all my past life. Never since I com-menced the show business—never since I purchased the wax figures of the Saviour and the Sleeping Beauty, General Washington and the Union-have I felt the lurid verdancy that animates me at this moment, standing, as I do, the proud representative of the grati-tude of republics generally, Baldinsvil in particular, and the wisdom of this show individually

Truly has the inspired poet said and sung

And, with becoming modesty, I can also declare the twenty years travel in the show bizness with wax figures, anacondas, a five-legged palf and a kangaroo, gives me the undisputed right to make this historical

This world is all a fleeting show.

And, I will humbly add, for wimmen's too. For, my hearers, all things are a cimbell. This world are a cimbell of the show bizness, and the show bizness are a cimbell of the world; and your proud speaker to day are a cimbell of our show. Yes, he is a tinkling conbell to explain to you all the cimbells you now und But the rest, which you, nof I, and nary other man un derstands, are misteries, hid dark and deep in our order, and can never be revealed to the mere human un-

Wax figures, which I have often shown, is cimbells of the original figures, and the original figures is cimbells of the wax tigures, and here they end.

But it is not so with our show. It is a cimbell that never had a beginning, type, antiype, prototype, arkatype or any other type, and never will end, world with-out end. Hallelujah!

We call it Masonry. But the abostle Paul (whose wax figure I have in my show, with all the apostles, the Sleeping Beauty, General Washington, the Union, the anacondas, a five-legged calf and a Ka mittance only fifteen cents, calls it Millkesedick without beginning of days or end of nights.

To illustrate: let me speak of this show as a bodily

being, a human Christian feller-critter like ourselves. with all the parts of a body to make a perfect man. And with this idea in your minds, let me say that since the world was made and shortly after, whenever and wherever anything great, or grand, or glorious or gloomy has been performed. He was thar. When Adam cat the apple in the Garden of Eden, he was thar. Eve picked the apple, held it up with her thumb and finger, and said, 'Who speaks first shall have it.'
Adam spoke first, cut the apple, and was cussed. Thus our show was saved from cussin, and is as pure to-day as it was the day it was born.

He built the pyramids and the Pyrenees : the churches and the Cyclops; Solomon's Temble and the Tower of Babel; Arrrat and the Adams house—the first good old man Adam himself. He, indeed, were Nimrod and Abimilich, Sampson and Soloman, Hiram Abiff and Plutarchy. He, too, has always patronized literature and their carges, on terms low as are consistent with the security of the interest and the interest the inter he writ, he were that. He bought the paper at the nearest corner grocery, ruled and stitched it with a piece of sheepskin on the back for a kiver.

When the Ten Commandments were given, he were thar, stood by, and said, Thank'ee, sir, much obleeg'd. When Joshua (who, too, was a showman of our order). ommanded the sun and moon to stand still, he were thar, said it over after him, and took all the credit of

When the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon, he were thar, and when she went home, cut out Solomon, waited on her home, laid his hands on her sparkling shoulder, viewed the heavings of her bosom, and kissed her until she exclaimed 'the rest shall never be told;' and it never was.

When Noah went into the Ark, he were thar : took an account of stock, agreed upon the price of freight, and footed the bill, like a man, at the end of the trip. When Sampson slew a thousand Philistines with the law-bone of an ass, he war than and counted the dead gave him the jaw-bone, which he washed and dried, and made into the handle of a barlow knife, and a set of shirt and pants buttons which he wears to this day But, to come down to these lafter days: He it was that discovered America and the art of printing, the magnetic needle, Spiritualism and the telegraph : the

one, a little German woman, whose face was

One, a little German woman, whose face was

for it are a great and monstrous simbell. All our We shall be surely left aboard, Gaspard. I never figures and feathers and fixins, all our pictures and passwords, all our sashes and swords, all our genetic tions and gyrations, are cimbells. Year we are all rge, indolent-looking woman, himself a nne, proud, and Englishman, seemed at that very instant stung the same impatient little demon that was annoving mouth, is a cimbell of a great eater, and at the dinner

That tall, slim brother with the blue glazed cotton gown on, having bango bones painted on his abdomin, with a screw-driver on his left side, are a cimbell of a lewd woman without hoops. Yet he are no won

That short and stout brother with the grown whered otton gown on, with a dead skull painted on his ablomin, his apron bound with yeller quality and shock ing big roundedness, are a cimbell of a lewd woman that weaks hoops, and is death to vartue. Yet he is not a wimen; he is only a cimbell and a show.

That sly, weasel-faced brother, with the high fool's

cap on his head, suspenders outside of his coat, yeller dimity belt round his middle, with a skirt below it. sword in one hand and measuring stick in the other who are walking with the lewd cimbells and winking on them, he are a cimbell of Soloman, and vanity of vanities, all is vanity. That sorry-looking brothe rith the hump-back and green hankerchief tied round his waste, and straps over his neck tied to a Bible, is aimbell of a priest and simplicity, and are also a nateral figure. That surly looking brother on a white horse, saddle covered with a red shawl, green band round his hankerchief spread on his abdomin, on which are all our cimbells, are a boss simbell in our show, as are all the horse-back brethren. They are also simbells of Ralam and his ass, to cuss the enemies of our show who profane our simbells and rydicule our age and inwho profane our simbells and rydicule our age and lings Maxwell, similarly simbells are all very expressive of the true character of our show, and none of us can get a horse-back who are not fully embused with the sperit of Balaam and his beast, and can as easily simbell the one as the other. Hence they, too, are not heavy camerian. imbell the one as the other. Hence they, too, are not only simbells, but nateral figures. The rest of us are all cimbells of masters and royal arches, night templars and night walkers. Jachin and Boaz, Beauty and

strength, Cable toe and Valley of Jehosifat.

cimbells. A magnificent and tryumphant complicated nonentity, the wonder of the world and itself be

But I return to the day we celebrate. It is the 24th But I return to the day we celebrate. It is the 24th of June, St. John's day. St. John were one of our order, and a good showman in the Jude country; and to see the show and then go home: of all this vast crowd that surrounds you, I alone am selected to welsakes and driven into the wilderness, where he had nothing to eat but locusts (which are a cimbell for grasshoppers) and wild honey. The honey were good enough, but it is the speaker's opinion the gras pers were mighty hard feed for a showman. But have no fear that such evil will befall us; for to all fronts and exclaim in the words of our great nationa

But I see by the sign, which we all understand, that pleasing event connected with our show, an appeal to the inner man that can never be resisted. We may stand here before an admiring world, and speak like Hannibal or Plutarky of the wonders, and speak like eq. and deminion of our beatific show. We may clothe ourselves in simbells and fantasticals, mount on horses, or proudly walk on foot, looking with con-tempt on all around us, while We represent the great cimbell of simbells. Yea, we may even spread on our abdomins all the simbolicals of our Order; but a good warm dinner, taken innardly, is better than them Aye, my fellow showmen: now I see. I've touched your feelings with a Past-Grand-Master's hand, and deeply stirred the yearnings of your bowels. And in the full glow of this excitement 1 will conclude by giving you the following national and patriotic foast

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